BRISBANE DEATH MOURNED BY LEADERS FROM ALL U. S.

THE WEATHER

Occasional rain tonight and Sunday, warmer, moderate variable winds, becoming southerly.

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

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VOL. XXXIII—NO. 256 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1936 PRICE 2 CENTS

ARTHUR BRISBANE

A TRIBUTE

By W. R. Hearst

I know that Arthur Brisbane was the greatest journalist of his day.

I know that he was one of the most powerful factors behind the social and political progress of the nation.

I know that he was one of the most patriotic supporters and conservators of true American ideals and institutions.

I know that he was kind and understanding, and deeply sympathetic with the struggles and sorrows of humanity.

I know that this nation and the world have lost incalculably in the death of Arthur Brisbane; but all that I can think of for the moment is that I have lost my friend—my close and dear and long time friend.

The pen that wrote the columns which millions read for their enlightenment and encouragement is stilled.

I grieve for that and realize the loss; but I grieve as deeply, and more tearfully, that the pen will no longer write the intimate letters of friendship, full of pleasant wit and quiet wisdom, and sincere and sound advice.

I grieve inconsolably that the long, long friendship, uninterrupted by a single quarrel or definite difference of any kind, is ended—that I will no longer know his enjoyable and helpful companionship, and that the world in which I must spend my few remaining years will hold for me a blank space, which had been so unforgettably filled by my more than friend and more than brother, Arthur Brisbane.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

A GREAT JOURNALIST

Arthur Brisbane, who had the genius to make men think for themselves, is dead.

As one of the greatest newspaper editors ever to bring the events of the nation and the world into the homes of the people, he gained the highest pinnacle of American journalism.

He was a master of the portrayal of news, a builder of great newspapers. He was instrumental in making the daily newspaper a constructive influence in the national life.

He was an editor who breathed his genius into the newspapers he served, a writer who made the news of the day understandable to those who saw the world through his eyes.

Brisbane's command of words was not a power for the regimentation of opinion. He did not drive facts into the minds of those who read his works.

In every line he wrote, there was a suggestion for a train of thought that came as naturally to the reader as though a sudden light had been turned upon the mysteries of thinking.

Arthur Brisbane reduced the perplexities of world affairs to simple terms, for the understanding of those who of their own accord could only look helplessly into the infinite depths of the unexplained.

A paragraph of Brisbane put the key to profound learning into the hands of the unlearned.

It might appraise the works of the mightiest rulers of human destiny, or the simple incidents in the lives of the humble.

Out of the lives of the least of the world's people he was constantly drawing truths which shed enlightenment

Continued on Page 2, Column 5

DIG CELLARS FOR HARRIS CHILD'S BODY

YOUTH GIVES POLICE NEW CLUE AFTER ARREST

Search for five-year-old Chester Harris, center of the most baffling disappearance in the history of Cambridge, was suddenly revived today and led to two cellars near his home.

After questioning a 23-year-old Cambridge youth, arrested in connection with an attack on an eight-year-old boy, police went to the cellars of two Alston street houses for digging operations.

The questioned youth, police said, formerly lived in Alston street.

Sergeant Thomas Stokes, who questioned the youth, and then led the police detail to the cellars, is of the street department. He said that digging in the cellars was started on the possibility the child's body might be buried.

MISSING TWO MONTHS

The youngest, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Harris of Chestnut street, has been missing since October 26.

The Cambridge youth was arrested yesterday by Sergeant Stokes.

The Alston street houses where cellars are being dug are but more than a block away from the Harris home.

Police had previously searched an vacant houses in vicinity. The Alston street houses are not vacant, however, and police did not itself whether a thorough search had been made in those particular cellars.

DROWNING THEORY OUT

The search today was the first tangible clue upon which the police have worked since the disappearance. They previously discarded the theory that the youngster might have drowned but "rub up against a well in attempting to trace any other possible motive.

Nation-wide appeals had been broadcast over a radio network by the child's father, police and other interested officials.

Fingerprints on the boy's toys had also been taken by Department of Justice agents.

Pope Weak, Specialist Called

BULLETIN

Vatican City, Dec. 26 (INS)—Pope Pius this afternoon developed what the Vatican described as "a new affliction," causing him intense pain.

By FRANK GERVASI

International News Service Staff Correspondent

Vatican City, Dec. 26 (INS)—Pope Pius, who throughout his current illness had refused to believe he was as sick as his doctors said, told him, today for the first time acknowledged his condition is critical and consented to have a specialist called in to examine him.

The specialist was called to find a remedy in particular for various sores on the Pontiff's legs, which have been intensely painful especially during the past few hours. Name of the specialist was not disclosed at the Vatican immediately.

The Pope agreed to have a specialist after being urged by his private physician and old friend, Dr. Amanti Milano, and by Cardinal Pacelli Pascal secretary of state.

POPE SUFFERING

The Vatican spokesman explained the move was no reflection upon Dr. Milano, but that something had

Continued on Page 3, Column 7

Miss Cann Bride Of Theo. Manning

Miss Josephine A. Cann, 24, daughter of Harrison C. Cann, Manchester bank treasurer, and Theodore Manning,27, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Manning of Boston, were married in a surprise Christmas wedding at Amesbury, it was revealed today.

Word of the wedding was received in a telegram by the bride's parents. The newlyweds started immediately for a honeymoon in Vermont.

Burns Kill Girl Of 8 in Cambridge

Eight-year-old June Callahan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Callahan of 81Ch street, East Cambridge, died today at Cambridge City Hospital, victim of accidental burns suffered Wednesday.

Her dress caught fire from an electric heater in her home, police said. Her father beat out the flames, but not in time to save her life.

WALLY FORGIVES CHURCH CRITICS

By KINGSBURY SMITH

London, Dec. 26—Mrs. Wallis Simpson in an exclusive authorized statement to International News Service today let it be known she forgives the Church of England for its attacks upon former King Edward.

She forgives the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and others who criticized Edward on the grounds that they, in effect, know not what they say.

She authorized International News Service to say in her behalf that she forgives all who have criticized his Royal Highness because she believes they do not know the man, and that if they did they would have no reason to criticize him.

CITES HIGH MORALITY

Coming to the defense of the man who gave up the throne of England for love of her, Mrs. Simpson, from her villa in Cannes sent an exclusive message to me.

In the message she defended Edward against charges of irre-

Continued on Page 12, Column 4

"RENTED"

For Want Ad Results Telephone LIBerty 4000

HITLER HOLDS WAR'S FATE, MAY DEMAND COLONIES

War or Peace?

A troubled Europe halted uneasily at a familiar crossroad today, waiting tensely for Chancellor Hitler of Germany to make a decision on aid to Spanish insurgents which may lead to a new alignment of powers, and peace, or general war.

LONDON—Great Britain and France demand Hitler halt his armament race, enter a disarmament conference and stop sending soldiers to aid Spanish rebels. They offer access to raw materials markets in exchange for peace.

PARIS—French Cabinet members curtailed Christmas holidays and kept close contact with capital in fear of a new "week-end coup" by Adolf Hitler. German troops held ready under orders, Hitler *expected* to demand colonies for world peace.

BERLIN—Chancellor Hitler in his mountain retreat near Berchesgaden faced grave decision on Spanish insurgents' demands for greatly increased military aid.

Paris, Dec. 26 (AP)—France and Britain will demand that Germany promise to enter a general disarmament agreement as well as take measures to halt the departure of volunteer soldiers for Spain in return for economic help, authoritative sources said today.

This became known after it was disclosed Britain and France had begun the outline of a program to give the third Reich access to European raw material markets as a projected reward for refusing to send military assistance to Spanish Fascists.

The further condition for such economic help will be a German pledge to curb the Reich's arms-making race, informed persons stated.

BAR ALL TROOP AID

At the same time, qualified government spokesmen let it be known that France and Great Britain

Continued on Page 12, Column 1

26 Die, 100 Injured In Ship Explosion

Rome, Dec. 26 (AP)—Twenty-six persons were killed and 100 injured December 23, an official communique said today, in an explosion aboard the steamship Centro Battisti in the Harbor of Massaua, Italian Eritrea, on the east coast of Africa.

Chair Claims Slayer of 4

Michigan City, Ind., Dec. 26 (AP)—A flip of an electric chair switch at Indiana state prison early today abruptly finished the bloody career of Harry Binger, 25, farm handy-man who had confessed four gruesome murders.

Famous 'Today' Columnist Dies at 72, Active to End

. . 1864 . . . 1936 . .

The late Arthur Brisbane

A recently posed portrait of the famous editor shown at his typewriter.

(Picture from International News Photograph Service)

'No Today today'

"There will be no Today today . . ."

In the late night or early morning, into newspaper offices the nation over, the wires of Universal Service carried Arthur Brisbane's column of reporting on world affairs.

The men who make newspapers read it eagerly before it was sent to the type machines. They took a daily lesson in good journalism from it, and marveled at the mind that turned it out, and that mind's ability so clearly to interpret and so ably to express what often was not wholly clear in their own thoughts.

"What does Brisbane say today?" someone would ask when the edition was going to press. A dozen would give the answer and the discussion would be underway. Because wherever it was read, Today made men and women think.

Today throbbed the tempo for the news. It was a sensitive finger on the pulse of significant events. It was day-by-

Continued on Page 6, Column 3

Editor's Funeral Set for Monday In New York

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY FROM ALL OVER NATION

Led by President Roosevelt, leaders from all walks of life and from all sections of the country, as well as the nation's press generally, expressed their sympathies and poured forth their tributes to Arthur Brisbane today. These tributes will be found on pages 2, 4 and 6, with a full sketch of Mr. Brisbane's life on page 4.

New York, Dec. 26 (US)—Arthur Brisbane, famous newspaper columnist and editor, died of a heart attack on Christmas Day in his apartment at 1215 Fifth avenue.

Death came to the 72-year-old commentator at 5:35 a. m. He had a severe heart seizure late Thursday afternoon.

Despite that attack he had completed his column "Today" for Friday, and at the moment he died the last words he wrote were thundering from the presses of the Hearst newspapers and a host of others to his audience of millions.

Giving no hint of his illness, his column began on the simple, pungent style that had made him renowned:

"Another Christmas has come, a birthday that means kindness and hope for so many millions of human beings. Nineteen hundred and thirty-six years ago a beautiful child came into the world; a few sad years later the three crosses were erected on the bare hill called Golgotha."

Burial in N. J.

A few hours later Mr. Brisbane drifted off into his final sleep.

At his bedside were his physicians, Dr. Leopold Stieglitz and Dr. Frederick Zeman, and a nurse. An oxygen tent was held in readiness, but was not used.

His entire family was in the apartment—his wife, Mrs. Phoebe Brisbane; his son, Seward, 22, and his daughters, Mrs. J. H. K. Mc-

Continued on Page 2, Column 6

MANY GREAT JOURNALISTS DEVELOPED BY BRISBANE

Teacher of Others

Called Reporting Noblest Work

By DAMON RUNYON

(Copyright 1936, by Hearst Special)

Miami, Fla., Dec. 26—A magnificent soul has quit its earthly body to rest, at last, in the great Valhalla of the mighty.

Arthur Brisbane is dead.

The world has lost a fine citizen.

Journalism has lost its all-time No. 1 genius.

And we have lost a friend—a good, kind friend.

So the fingers that typewrite these words seem numbed, the mind that fumbles feebly for expression here moves dully, and slow, and the church bells pealing out their peace on earth, good will to men, this Christmas Day, seem only repeating to us over, and over again, *"Brisbane is dead, Brisbane is dead."*

It doesn't seem possible.

It doesn't seem possible that with so many Lilliputians of humanity on the face of the globe, this giant has been removed.

"But "life is perfected by death" and so we have the consolation that when Arthur Brisbane handed in "30" on his last column, it was in the fullness of his years, and with a great, and well rounded career behind him, and with a fame that will endure to the glory of journalism as long as newspapers are printed.

It was only yesterday that we rode past Craig View, his handsome winter home on Brickell avenue, hoping to find him there to ask him a little more of the advice he had so freely given down through the years, but we saw that the chain barrier hung across the driveway, indicating that the owner hadn't arrived as yet.

The gardener sprayed the huge pink house that looks out across the shimmering waters of Biscayne Bay. The spring and flowers bloomed in the yard, and we were thinking, unaware that the Grim Reaper was even then calling the master of Bay View, that he would find it very pleasant when he came South for his winter rest.

Well, no you couldn't say it was rest, Arthur Brisbane never really rested. Not in all his long, busy life. He worked all time. But that was his pleasure—work. He made his play of work. He had so accustomed himself to work that idleness would have tired him out completely.

He was an absolute marvel of industry. You must remember that, besides being the highest, salaried, most productive journalistic writer of this, or any other newspaper time, he was always interested in big business affairs—real estate, newspapers, and all manner of investments, and gave his personal attention to this while talking 1,000,000 words per year as a regular part-time dictaphone, and pounding them out with his own hands on a typewriter.

Secretary 30 Years

He lived on work. It was the breath of life to his nostrils.

He could work anywhere—in his newspaper offices, at any of his homes in New Jersey, California, New York City, the Catskills and Florida, and in trains, or automobiles.

Many a time we have traveled with him on trains, and sat talking to him in his drawing room, and between sentences he would type paragraphs into his dictaphone for later conversion into newspaper copy by "The Mouse." Miss Bailey, secretary, otherwise Emil Steinhauser, who was with him thirty years.

For most of that period, Emil was known as "The Mouse" around the Hearst newspaper offices. The great sports columnist, Tad Dorgan gave him the title long ago, but only a couple of years back we happened to inadvertently speak of "The Mouse" to Mr. Brisbane, who asked:

"Who is 'The Mouse'?"

"Why, Emil," we said.

Mr. Brisbane gazed at his secretary with what struck us he new interest.

"Big George" was the title that the late great sports writer, Tad, gave to Mr. Brisbane himself, and as "Big George" the editor was privately known among that then wild young crew by which he was surrounded in the old days on World row—Tad, Damon Runyon, Bud Fisher, "Tad," and scores of others who were to become famous, and more notable.

A cartoon series was then running in the Journal, in which the chief character was called "Double Dome Dooley," and the name "Tad" professed to see a likeness to Mr. Brisbane in this character. So he started calling his chief "Double Dome George," soon shortened to "Big George," and this word something of affection and a lot of respect in "Tad's" title, at that.

It was years before some one told Mr. Brisbane that the boys referred to him as "Big George," and he only smiled, and made no comment. He was probably his most beloved employee, not only because "Tad" was a genius, and Mr. Brisbane respected ability in anybody, but because "Tad" had a tremendous personality, and color. He thought more of the editor than of any other man alive, and when "Tad" died, Mr. Brisbane was deeply grieved.

He often referred to "Tad" afterwards when he was discussing some new idea for the paper, and starting about him for some one to carry it out.

"If 'Tad' were here he could do it," he would say.

"Tad," in his opinion, could do anything.

Mr. Brisbane always professed to have no sense of humor, though as a matter of downright fact, he was something of a humorist in his writing at times. But when something that was supposed to be funny was submitted to him he would pass it around to "Tad," to "Bugs" Baer, and the others on the staff who were supposed to know humor, and ask:

"Is that funny?"

Sends for Ford Frick

"Tad" generally was the last word with him.

It was the same way about verse. Mr. Brisbane professed to dislike verse in newspapers—though he nearly always had it.

He brought some verse clippings from newspapers around to the sport department of the American one time and gave it to us saying:

"You read these, Runyon, and see if it's any good. I don't care for poetry myself. You can always say something in prose better than in rhyme."

Well, we thought the verse was pretty good, and so did "Bugs" and possibly partly because of our verdict, but more likely because of his own judgment of some prose writing that accompanied the verse, Mr. Brisbane sent out to Colorado Springs for a youth named Ford Frick, who is now president of the National League.

An old chap in the Printer's House in Colorado Springs had sent the clippings to Mr. Brisbane who never overlooked a chance to dig up new talent. He was always proud of his prodigy, too. He rejoiced when they made big progress as writers after quitting the newspaper field, for instance Richard Harding Davis, who had been one of his reporters, and Paul Armstrong, who had taken a great sports writer by him.

"I did Armstrong a big favor by firing him," Mr. Brisbane used say. "He became a splendid playwright, and made a lot o money."

"I did used to claim that Mr. Brisbane was almost hypnotic in his ability to get work out of other men, and we are inclined to agree with that. You could go in, all tired out, and maybe a little disgusted with life, to talk to Mr. Brisbane, and come out with your spirit rejuvenated, and your ambition renewed.

"He hops you up," "Tad" used to say.

Well, that was true. He took over the American years back, and founded it on a sort of personal relationship consisting of "Bugs" Baer, the writer, and Winsor McCay, the cartoonist.

We were all supposed to be merely specialists—Baer, a humorous paragrapher, and the writer a baseball commentator. But Mr. Brisbane disdained newspaper specialists in the matter of writing. He said that a man who was supposed to be able to write at all could write anything, and he held daily conferences with us, and had us writing editorials, news leads, our own stuff, and everything, with Mckay drawing cartoons, both serious and humorous, and illustrating articles.

Tad" promptly tanned a cartoon depicting Mr. Brisbane as a circus ring-master in knee breeches, high hat, and all, popping a whip and yelling "faster" at three little performing poodles leaping through paper hoops. The poodles labelled Baer, Runyon and McCay.

Somebody had photostatic copies made of the cartoon and it circulated all over the office, finally falling into the hands of Mr. Brisbane who laughed heartily at it—then found some new work for "Tad."

Mr. Brisbane asked rapidly—a regular machine-gun vocal fire—and right through you. His opening question, whether proposing a new task to you was apt to be, "that is if you are interested. Of course if you are not interested, there's no use talking of it."

You were likely to be interested forthwith when the boss talked that way.

Another sentence that was calculated to arouse ambition was:

"I'd do it myself if I were twenty years younger."

He would be doing ten times as much work as you right at the moment.

His newspaper fame will perhaps rest mainly on his column, "Today," but the phase of newspaper work that Mr. Brisbane enjoyed most, and on which he prided himself most, was reportorial work.

It is our opinion that he deemed the highest work of the newspaper gods, a great reporter. Certainly he thought that great reporting was the most important newspaper work of all, which is something for the young men who all want to be editorial writers to bear in mind forever.

Tell something that was happening now—not something that had happened long ago, was his idea. He spoke with deep respect of great newspaper reporting. To the day of his death he was the greatest reporter he ever met. Bob Edgren, the cartoonist, tells a moving event that he could tell about as it went along, a convention, a prize fight, anything.

We walked into Boyle's Thirty Acres, the afternoon of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight a little late, wrote 7500 words longhand—and a great story it was—grabbed up his hat before the bout that followed the main event was over, and left, muttering:

"John L. Sullivan could have licked them both."

Mr. Brisbane professed a keen distaste of professional fighting, though he covered most of the big bouts of the past 20 years as a reporter, and he had a startling knowledge of the finer points of the game. Still, he knew something of everything—of art, of music, of architecture, of chemistry, of history, of business, so why shouldn't he know of prize-fighting?

Indeed, he did a lot of boxing in his youth. He traveled around with Billy Edwards, the old lightweight, and tradition has it that the editor was pretty good with his dukes in a physical argument, too.

He took time to see the famous battle of the turf between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell, the English champion, when Mitchell put his spikes into Sullivan's foot, and John stepped back and growled:

"Be a gentleman, Charley, you sonuva so-and-so."

Mr. Brisbane then just a young reporter, beat the World with the story of that fight.

There was a feral friendship between him and Sullivan, because when John L. was invited to box Mr. Brisbane, then Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward 7th, and the equerries barred Mr. Brisbane from being present, Sullivan roared:

"If my pal can't come in they won't be no boxing."

So, Mr. Brisbane was admitted, and got a great exclusive story.

His latest exploit he once sent Bob Edgren, the cartoonist, to see Sullivan, by now a grouchy old fellow, he was difficult to approach.

"Tell him I sent you," he told Bob.

Had Small Stable

Edgren got into the champion's quarters, and Sullivan came up out of a tangle of bed clothes, disheveled and angry, and nursing a tough, hang-over.

"Mr. Brisbane sent me to see you," Bob hurriedly explained, as Sullivan gave him a baleful glare.

"Arthur?" said Sullivan, softening at once. "How is my pal, Arthur, anyway?"

At the first Sharkey-Schmeling fight, when the German got right in front of Mr. Brisbane, clutching at his groin, and there seemed to be some doubt as to what was going to happen, the editor, who saw the foul blow, got greatly excited, half rose from his chair, and shouted at the referee:

"If you don't disqualify that man (Sharkey) there will be no more fighting in New York."

He once raced a small stable of his own, but certain turf practices soon soured his ire, and he became a bitter foe to the game. Still, he always maintained a few thoroughbreds at his farm in New Jersey, including a pretty good horse called Powerful, and he occasionally went to a big race with an intimate friend like Bernard Gimbel, but called him on one day when we were running a little feature called "My Favorite Sports" to the American, and asked him to name his, and he replied:

"Well, I suppose my favorite sport is putting one dollar on top of another, but I guess you'd better not say that in the paper. Make it horseback riding. It's a great exercise because it doesn't affect the heart."

He had plenty of sporting blood in his veins. He liked an occasional game of poker. He would take a fair sized bet on his opinion in a sporting argument, or on an election result. He was an extremely temperate man, but would take a highball now and them, and sometimes wine or beer with his meals. He was not, incidentally, something of an authority on wines, and foods. In the old days on Park row, he had a couple of favorite little spots in that neighborhood for eating, usually some place that we won't well know.

Most of what we know of newspaper writing, he taught us. He kept emphasizing the importance of reporting things to us. He thought writing a good column was all right, but insignificant compared with reportorial work. He read many newspapers, and would quickly spot a piece of good reporting, and comment on it.

Mr. Brisbane adopted, perhaps from Thomas Hazlitt, the trick of reporting a story in the present tense, and was giving his readers an incident-by-incident description of what was happening long years before radio reporters appeared and, of a necessity, took up the same method. He could say more in fewer words than anybody that ever lived.

Used Simplest Words

And speaking of words, he always used the very simplest words that would serve. He never resorted to trick phrasing and he tried to impress upon us, and upon all the people who wrote for him the value of simplicity. When he could find time to talk to you about his column, he was extremely interesting. He had a marvelous memory for names and happenings, and he held you entranced with his tales of the old deities of Park row.

One thing that has been forgotten about Arthur Brisbane of late years is that he was really, many years ahead of these times with what thought that prevails today. He was, and expressed in his column, ideas of social, and political, and economic advancement that seemed not only revolutionary then, but wholly chimerical, that we now see in force, and accept as a matter of course.

Had he turned to politics, it is quite conceivable that Mr. Brisbane might have been President of these United States. We said as much to him one day, and he laughed.

"I'd rather be a newspaperman," he commented.

He was a great man to work for. He always had encouragement for a young fellow in the game, and was always ready with helpful advice. He was apt to regard a knock of one of his employes by an outsider as a boost. He once said of a sports writer:

"He must be all right. I'm getting a lot of letters knocking him."

He said to us of one of our stories that he thought was too dull:

"You've got to get excited about a story. If you're not excited, your readers will not be excited."

His personal acquaintance in the country was prodigious, though in the later years of his life, at least, he didn't seek a wide circle of social associates, besides he preferred the company of his family.

Of course his closest friend over the greater part of his life was William Randolph Hearst, for whom he had tremendous affection and admiration, and of whom he frequently talked. Around New York, Bernard Gimbel was perhaps his most intimate friend.

He had a great admiration for Gene Tunney, and like after he learned that Tunney knows his Shakespeare, Mr. Brisbane thought that was remarkable in a prizefighter, and he had personally quietly coached Tunney on Shakespeare at sometime to make sure that the reputed knowledge that Tunney and Mr. Brisbane himself was a profound student of Shakespeare.

He loved animals as much as any living man. Back and forth across the continent he went, time and again every year, usually to see Mr. Hearst. South to Florida he came a number of times each winter to be with his wife and children when they were here.

And always faithful "The Mouse," and his battery of typewriters and dictaphones was with him, and the work went on, and on.

While Mr. Brisbane always insisted that he traveled only on business bent, it is our conjecture that he had a restlessness of spirit that kept him on the go, that he found some outlet in the necessity of the wheels. Distance was nothing to him. He could travel light, and travel fast. He liked to see the changing country, the changing people, and his curiosity at he saw, and heard into the most interesting newspaper column that journalism has ever known.

We have seen literally hundreds of imitations of Mr. Brisbane's style by aspiring young journalists. It wasn't difficult to imitate. But what the imitators forgot was that while they might imitate the form, they never could imitate the substance, for a Brisbane mind comes along about as often as the Volstead mind from which it must have stemmed to some extent, and that's once every several hundreds of years.

We shall not see his like again.

And so . . .

. . .

"Who knows but what this life is really death, and whether death is not what men call life?"

'Monte Cristo' Book This Week

"Count of Monte Cristo" today! And did they come after it—those thousands who are participating in the Boston Evening American's unique Book-A-Week offer.

The demand, only a few hours after this week's classic had been released, showed today that the Book-A-Week Club is gathering numbers in wholesale fashion every week.

There are still a few copies of The Last of the Mohicans, Vanity Fair and Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography for those who get coupons in quickly with the requisite small fees.

Warning though—there are only a few left.

If you've missed out, you had better act now.

Start clipping today.

All you need is six consecutively numbered coupons and 39 cents if you call for your book at any of the redemption stations listed on another page.

If you want to order by mail, use the Mail Order blank and enclose the few extra cents fee for this privilege.

BRISBANE DIES AT 72

Continued from First Page

Crary, 23; Emily Brisbane, 16; Alice, 13 and Elinor, 12.

Funeral services open to the public will be held at 10 o'clock Monday morning at St. Bartholomew's Church, 50th street and Park avenue. The Rev. G. P. T. Sargent, rector of the church, will officiate.

Burial will be at the Brisbane estate, Allaire, N. J.

Only a few persons, among them his long-time friend, William Randolph Hearst, had known Mr. Brisbane's health had been poor since he returned in September from a summer in Europe.

In the past three months, a close friend of the family said, Mr. Brisbane had suffered 15 or 16 heart attacks and had been confined to his home, but not to bed, for the past six weeks. This friend said:

"Mr. Brisbane had not been really well for several weeks. He suffered bronchial trouble last year and spent most of the winter in Florida.

"He was the kind of a man who would never admit he was ill, but carried on his work right up to the last. He was a prodigious worker, and the strain of his activities would have killed five ordinary men long ago.

"As it was, he kept three secretaries hopping trying to keep up with him."

Meteoric Career

Mr. Brisbane's death terminated a meteoric career, which saw him rise from a "cub" reporter on the old New York Sun 50 years ago to the place of the highest-paid newspaper writer in America. He went from the Sun to the New York World, and then, in 1897, left the World to begin the association with Mr. Hearst that lasted down through the years.

As the voice of "Today"—published in more than 2000 newspapers—and "This Week"—carried by 1200 weekly newspapers, Mr. Brisbane spoke to the largest audience ever reached by any single commentator in this country.

In recent years, since giving up his last executive post as executive director of the Daily Mirror, Mr. Brisbane had limited his work almost solely to his columns and to editorials for Hearst Sunday morning and Saturday afternoon newspapers.

Friends of his secretaries said that when Mr. Brisbane first was stricken with bronchial trouble a year ago, he did not consider the ailment serious.

Own Typist

On June 17 he went with his family to Europe, joining Mr. Hearst on a tour of Italy and France. He was spending the remainder of the summer on an island off the coast of France.

He took no secretary with him, but continued his usual routine of writing.

He typed his column for daily use, and sent advance material by dictaphone recordings dispatched by fast express and steamer.

For his column he wrote from 800 to 1200 words a day, and for his "This Week" article he turned out 4000 to 5000 words.

Added to his writing was the huge volume of mail he received daily, averaging some 200 letters.

He answered every one, sometimes by dictaphones, sometimes dictating to his secretaries.

His dictaphones were ever-present. There was one in his suite, one in each of the offices he maintained, and he even took them along on train trips and on one transcontinental plane journey.

For the past year Mr. Brisbane's son, Reward, had been working with him, and the son's progress was described by a friend as Mr. Brisbane's "consuming interest."

Mr. Brisbane's wife was the former Phoebe Cary, of New York.

"Genius"—Borah

SPEAKER BANKHEAD of the House of Representatives:

"Mr. Brisbane was a man every one admired. His death is deeply distressing to me personally, and I shall miss his columns which I read every morning for many years. His millions of readers appreciated his fine philosophy and tolerance of opinion."

SENATOR BORAH (R.) of Idaho:

"Mr. Brisbane was a genius, and millions of his readers will feel they have lost an intimate friend. He was a sad message for Christmas."

SENATOR ASHHURST, chairman of the Senate judiciary committee:

"Mr. Brisbane was the most luminous of American reporters. He mastered the art of building threads of his narrative and at the same time keeping gorgeous word pictures spread before his readers. He was as accurate and pains-taking in historical work and his death is a tragic loss to journalism."

SECRETARY OF WAR HARRY WOODRING:

Mr. Brisbane was an ardent advocate of peace and at the same time of preparedness for his country. The War Department and the millions of citizens who believe in peace have lost a friend."

"Sadly Missed"

ATTORNEY GENERAL HOMER CUMMINGS:

"Mr. Brisbane was a great editor and occupied a unique place in the field of journalism which no one can fill. He will be sadly missed by a wide circle of friends."

SENATOR NYE, (R) of North Dakota:

"We who have read his column almost daily are going to be at a distinct loss, and the front pages of newspapers are not going to be the same."

SENATOR O'MAHONEY, (D) of Wyoming:

"Without question he was one of the greatest geniuses in the newspaper world. He will be irreplaceable."

SENATOR CLARK, (D) of Missouri:

"He was a great journalist and a great citizen. I personally regret his death for I lost a great friend."

SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD (D.) of Texas, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs committee:

"I'm so sorry to hear of Mr. Brisbane's death. He had one of the greatest intellects of his time. He had created a place for himself in the journalistic world which cannot be filled by any other."

"Great Student"

SENATOR JOSEPH GUFFEY (D.) of Pennsylvania:

"He was one of the greatest commentators in America and had one of the largest followings for his writings. I regret his demise exceedingly."

REPRESENTATIVE HAMILTON FISH (R.) of New York:

"Arthur Brisbane was one of the most brilliant journalists that America produced in the last generation and was one of the most prodigious and tireless editors."

SENATOR WILLIAM H. KING (D.) of Utah:

"I have known Arthur for many years. I held a high regard for him. His wide knowledge of world affairs extended to the economic, political and social problems of his day. Through his great column which he gave to the world he has increased knowledge and broadened the views of his readers. His passing will be a great loss to the American people if not to the world."

SENATOR PAT McCARRAN (D.) of Nevada:

"The world has lost a great student and a great writer of great thoughts."

Generous Friend

J. EDGAR HOOVER, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation:

"The death of Arthur Brisbane is an irreparable loss not only to the field of journalism but to the hundreds of thousands of Americans people who were inspired and encouraged by his liberal philosophy and intelligent understanding of his fellow man."

Fill Out ONE only

BOSTON AMERICAN Coupon No. 6

BOOK-A-WEEK SPECIAL CONCESSION COUPON

World's Greatest Literature

This Coupon (with five others, all differently numbered, six altogether) entitles the holder to one volume of the Boston American Special "Book-a-Week" offer of the World's Greatest Literature when presented at one of the Coupon Redemption Stations together with the purchase price of 39c.

WHEN ORDERING BY MAIL USE THIS COUPON

Address Orders to: BOOK A WEEK, BOSTON AMERICAN P. O. Box 866, Winthrop Square, Boston, Mass.

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54c if you live beyond 150 miles
65c if you live in Canada
Extra charges for Postage on Shipping and Packing

Do Not Send Stamps or Coin

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Name .....

Address ..... City ..... State .....
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Watch the daily Boston American for list of Coupon Redemption Stations.

Washington Tribute

Irreparable Loss, Lawmakers Say

Washington, Dec. 26 (US)—Grieved by the sudden death of Arthur Brisbane, official Washington today paid tribute to the genius of the world-famous editor and columnist.

Expressions of sorrow and admiration came from government leaders, cabinet members and the nation's outstanding lawmakers, many of whom knew the editor personally.

They united in account his death an "irreplaceable loss" to journalism and praised his tireless efforts in behalf of his country and his fellow men.

Comment follows:

VICE-PRESIDENT GARNER:

"I deeply regret the passing of Mr. Brisbane. Through his writing he made a valuable contribution to his country. I read his column with interest. I knew him personally and am profoundly sorry over his death."

Mrs. Roosevelt:

Mrs. Roosevelt and I extend our sincere sympathy to you and yours and want you to know our thoughts are with you in your loss.

I have known Mr. Brisbane for many years and I took keen delight, whenever I had opportunity, in exploring with him the teachings of history and the philosophy of our civilization. Sincerely,

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Message From The President

New York, Dec. 26 (US)—Mrs. Arthur Brisbane received the following telegram of condolence from President Roosevelt on the death of her husband:

White House,

Washington, D. C., Dec. 25.

Mrs. Arthur Brisbane,
1215 Fifth avenue,
New York City.

Mrs. Roosevelt and I extend our sincere sympathy to you and yours and want you to know our thoughts are with you in your loss.

I have known Mr. Brisbane for many years and I took keen delight, whenever I had opportunity, in exploring with him the teachings of history and the philosophy of our civilization. Sincerely,

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

A GREAT JOURNALIST

Continued from First Page

upon the problems of the masses.

From the lives of the great, he drew the secrets of philosophy, of science, of spiritual guidance.

All of these revelations of life, of people and of the changing circumstances of a moving world he presented with a simplicity of reasoning and an economy of words achieved by few writers.

A minute spent in reading Brisbane could be the basis for hours of thinking. A word of his had the power to open up vistas of reasoning a reader's own grasp of facts might never disclose.

His was an artistry of stirring mental powers into activity of thought, utilized by him always for the encouragement of the reader's inherent talents of observation, ever for the imposition of his own conclusions upon the unthinking.

Brisbane lived a full life, and a useful life. He knew what was going on in the world, what was in people's hearts and minds.

He knew more people are good than are bad, that there is something good in the worst of men.

He wrote constantly, prodigiously, in the unceasing effort to give inspiration to better living to the millions who accepted daily guidance from him.

How profoundly the writings of Arthur Brisbane have influenced the lives of men and women is best known by those who have profited by them.

Many times he has written the words that have turned wasted lives into useful paths. He has made life beautiful to those who have despaired. He has given solace to the sorrowing, comfort to the unhappy.

Arthur Brisbane has lived a wonderful life, the story of which will never be fully told.

Regretfully, it is at an end. But the rich legacy of his philosophy, his portrayal of the good things and the good thoughts of which all men are capable, is endowed with the immortality that perpetuates the works of the truly great.

Join our

1937 Christmas or Tax Clubs

Interest Now Deposits To Jan. 1st

FRANKLIN *Savings Bank*
PARK SQUARE BOSTON

EXCLUSIVE!

Camera Records Saving of 3 Lives

In two of the most striking and unusual spot news pictures of the year, a Boston American photographer today recorded resuscitation of an elderly couple and another man after fire had swept through their home in Quincy street, Quincy. Above, you see Harry Arrigoni, 56, barely able to hold the inhalator to his mouth while Deputy Fire Chief Peter J. Creedon controls the life-saving oxygen supply. Miss Doris Arrigoni, his daughter looks on, thankful for modern first aid equipment. Here, in the home of a neighbor, he Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Frediani after firemen had carried them from the smoke-filled home next door. Both were unconscious just before this dramatic picture was taken. Mrs. Frediani has already been "brought back" through the quick use of an inhalator. Her husband is freshly grasping the air tube while Fireman Edward O'Connor carefully holds the mouthpiece to his face.

(Picture from International News Photograph Service.)

PRESIDENT'S SON CHEERED BY VISIT

HOSPITAL REPORTS GAIN

His mother and his fiancee, Miss Ethel du Pont, both visited Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., today at Phillips House, Massachusetts General Hospital.

Arrival of his fiancee Miss Ethel du Pont, of the wealthy Delaware family, was unexpected.

She spent Christmas at home with her fiancee in Delaware, exchanging holiday greetings with young Roosevelt over long distance telephone.

His disappointment at not seeing her must have been betrayed by Franklin's smile, for soon after their phone conversation, Miss du Pont made arrangements to take an airplane flight to Boston.

Here she met Mrs. Roosevelt and the two hurried and dashed to the President's ill son after they alighted.

Both women stepped quickly across the sidewalk in the hospital entrance, avoiding questions of reporters. They went upstairs at once to young Roosevelt's room.

Brings Gift

Miss dupont carried a big package, wrapped in Christmas ribbon, apparently a gift she wore a short fur coat. Mrs. Roosevelt was attired in a severely cut cloth suit, with a fur scarf about her shoulders.

Soon after the arrival of Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss du Pont, a bulletin on young Roosevelt's condition was issued by Phillips House officials. It read:

"Mr. Roosevelt is convalescing perfectly. There have been no set-backs in his condition and there is no possibility of a blood transfusion."

Denial that a blood transfusion was contemplated came as answer to a morning newspaper story stating that transfusion preparations had been made.

Mrs. Roosevelt continued to reserve today the hotel accommodations which she engaged upon her arrival in Boston Christmas morning.

She is avoiding all social contacts, saving her time for her son.

She said at her hotel, that Franklin's throat infection and sinus trouble are both clearing up "splendidly," but he will probably remain in the hospital for another ten days.

When he is finally discharged, his mother said, he will go to Miami for a vacation,? and returning to his Harvard studies until he has fully regained his strength.

Mrs. Roosevelt plans to stay in Boston several days. She did not know, she said, exactly when she would leave.

Girl Near Death After Auto Ride, Man Vanishes

Suffering from mysterious injuries, apparently sustained in the course of an automobile ride with a man whose name she knew only as "Angie," Miss Catharine Rosenblum, 27, of Lawn street, Roxbury, was in critical condition at City Hospital today.

Police found her semi-conscious in Canter street, Roxbury. Nearby was an abandoned automobile, registered in the name of a Watertown man. He said it had been stolen.

At the hospital, the young woman has a possible? rupture of the skull, a ruptured eyeball, lacerations of the face and scalp and bruises and abrasions of arms, legs and body.

The victim's condition was such that she could not talk clearly. She managed to say only that she had been riding with "Angie." How she was injured, she could not or would not explain.

She has a sister-in-law, Laura King of Garden street, Roxbury, she said. Police sought to notify this relative.

Children Wed, Dad Rushes to See Both

Pennacook, N. H., Dec. 26 (AP)—A father attended weddings of a son and a daughter within an hour today, although the ceremonies were 12 miles apart.

Henry Merchant attended a service here at 7 o'clock this morning. His daughter, Miss Prudence Irene Merchant, became the bride of Robert E. Coleman of Concord.

Mr. Merchant then drove to Franklin where, at 8 o'clock his son, Henry E. Merchant, and Miss Rita Deguise were married. The couples left for a double honeymoon in New York City.

ROOSEVELT XMAS GAY

President Heads Family Party

Washington, Dec. 26 (AP)—President Roosevelt enjoyed a happy Christmas with his family, like millions of other Americans.

Mrs. Roosevelt's maternal instincts would not let her stay home and son in the fun while her son, Franklin, Jr., lay ill in a Boston hospital, so she hurried there to carry Christmas cheer to her bedside and keep him from feeling lonely.

The President was awakened early in the White House by the excited outcries of six of his grandchildren who rushed into his bedroom to discover what Santa Claus had brought them.

They found their stockings crammed with toys and candy and numerous other gifts too bulky to fit into Santa's traditional receptacles.

"Grandpa" sat up in bed and was young enough in spirit to share their joy and clamor.

All Britain Toasts New Niecee of King George

London, Dec. 26 (AP)—Britons toasted today an infant who some day may be their ruler.

Born Christmas day, she is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent—the youngest son of the late King George V—and the former Princess Marina of Greece.

The baby, as yet unnamed, was the second child of the youngest Windsors. An older brother, Prince Edward George Nicholas Paul Patrick, was born Oct. 9, 1935.

The new princess became sixth in line to the throne of Great Britain.

STUDENT PILOT DEATH PROBE BEGUN

Natick, Dec. 26—While funeral rites for Lloyd George Wallace, 21-year-old student pilot killed when his plane crashed at the Framingham airport, were being made today, an investigation to learn how he happened to take off with but a few drops of gasoline in the tank was underway.

Wallace had proceeded but 400 feet after taking off on the northsouth runway, attaining an altitude of less than 200 feet, when the motor failed.

The plane, which he owned jointly with Robert Herrick of this town and which was purchased but two weeks ago, was totally wrecked. Examination showed the plane's gasoline tank was dry.

Regarded as a good amateur pilot, with 20 hours of flying time to his record, Wallace and Herrick went to Framingham to enjoy the holiday in the air in their monoplane, alternating in taking up the single seater.

Wallace flew over his home and waved to his father, mother and sisters, Frances and Pauline in the morning, then returned home by automobile for Christmas dinner. He returned to the Airport at 3:45 p. m. and took off on the fatal flight.

Mother, Fiancee Visit Roosevelt, Jr.

Photographed together for the first time, here are Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Sr., and Miss Ethel du Pont, arriving at Phillips House, Massachusetts General Hospital, today, to visit Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., convalescing from a throat infection and sinus trouble. Mrs. Roosevelt is fumbling in her purse to pay the taxi driver his fare in cash, just as you or I would. Miss du Pont, with a big Christmas box for her sick fiance, is stepping briskly across the sidewalk toward the hospital entrance, avoiding reporters.

Death Toll Mounts As Eight Die in Holiday Crashes

The holiday death toll from accidents in New England mounted to 11 today when Norman F. Bonner of 68 Farrar avenue, Worcester, was killed in Westminster, a suburb of Fitchburg, when the car he was driving crashed into an auto trailer loaded with groceries.

State police from Lunenberg barracks began an investigation of the accident during absence of Chief of Police Herbert Battles.

Bonner was pronounced dead on arrival at Burbank Hospital, Fitchburg. He leaves a wife, Elsie, who was notified by Worcester police.

Patrick Walsh, of Malden, operator of the truck, and his assistant, Olaf Olson of Somerville, were not hurt.

Christmas joy turned to sorrow as 10 other deaths, 7 of them from auto accidents, occurred in New England.

In Providence, R. I., today Thomas W. Thompson, 35, a mail carrier, of Warwick avenue, Cranston, R. I., was critically injured when the car in which he was riding to work crashed into a train at a grade crossing on Allens avenue.

He suffered two broken legs, internal injuries and laceration of the

Mrs. Ruth Alexander, 18, of Winchendon died three hours after being struck by an automobile while walking along the State highway near her home; Joseph McDermot, 57, was killed in a similar accident in Worcester; Mrs. Annie A. Carroll, 76, was killed when hit by an automobile in Providence.

William Giangrande, 21, lost his life when a car in which he was a passenger overturned in Worcester.

William Mask, 24, of Union, Me., was killed when his motorcycle crashed into a truck. David Hunnewell, 20, died as his car overturned in Skowhegan, Me.

Rita Bouchard, 19, died in Lawrence General Hospital after auto injuries received four days ago.

Mrs. Amelia Fontes, 67, was fatally injured by an auto near her home in East Warwick.

Fires took two lives in Maine while a Springfield man, Michael Simerick, 54, died from a fall from a second floor porch of his home where a Christmas party was being held.

Yule Spirit Costs Girl $200 Coat

Fired by the Yuletide spirit, Miss Anna Heffernan of Tremont street, Boston, invited the taxi driver who had taken her home in for a bit of refreshment, she told police today.

Then, she also told police, he slipped her dwelling with a $200 fur coat. She furnished police with a description of the driver.

Woman, 108, Gives Long Life Secret

Mrs. Rachael Waldfogal, of 127 Ormond street, Mattapan, was past the 108th milestone of her life today, cheered by a family celebration at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. George Cohen, on Outlook road, Mattapan. Mrs. Waldfogal advocates a quieter way of living to reach a ripe old age.

3 OVERCOME IN QUINCY BLAZE

15 OTHERS SAVED; $3500 LOSS

Three persons were overcome by smoke and 15 others, including a two-months-old baby, were rescued today when a spectacular fire swept through a duplex house in Quincy street, Quincy today causing damage estimated at $3500.

The three felled by smoke which swept through the house, from cellar to roof, were resuscitated by an inhaltor which was rushed there by firement.

Andrew Frediani, 65, and his wife, Susie, 64, both semi-conscious, were carried to a nearby house by Deputy Fire Chief Peter J. Creedon and his chauffeur, Alec MaEchern.

Also overcome was Harry Arrigoni, 56, after firemen had assisted ex afety his wife, Mary, 47, and their ewo daugheers, Doris, 18, and Mary, 16.

OTHER FAMILIES SAVED

Other occupants of the burning house wig were rescued were Marril Rinaidi, 47, his wife, Louise, and their fie children, ranging in age from two months to 17 years.

The youngsters were Dominick, 17, Angelina, 13, Alice, 13, Rose, 8, and Ida, two months.

Rinaidi's married daughter, Mrs. Carmine Pizzi, 24, and her husband, were also aided to the street.

According to fire officials, the blaze was of undetermined origin and started in the cellar. The fire was discovered by Mrs. Arrigoni, who awakened her husband.

In East Walpole today, a two-alarm blaze did damage of $5000, destroying the newspaper and confectionery store of C. A. Bean in Washington street.

The store occupied part of the first floor of a three-story wooden block.

The Walpole Trust Company's offices, next door, were damaged by smoke, as were rooms upstairs occupied by business and professional tenants, making their homes elsewhere.

scalp. He was taken to Rhode Island Hospital.

Pope in Pain, Agrees Specialist Be Called

Continued from First Page

to be done immediately to alleviate the aged Pontiff's suffering.

Still exhausted from the strain of delivering his dramatic world-wide Christmas radio appeal for peace on Thursday, the Pope was believed, in informed quarters at the Vatican, to have lost considerable ground in what is now regarded as a battle for life.

The Vatican household, it was disclosed to International News Service, already has virtually abandoned hope the Pope would ever recover from the paralysis that keeps him bed-ridden and suffering.

The severe pains, especially in the left leg, caused by the varicosis resulted in an almost sleepless night for the Pope last night.

SLEEPS LATE

Despite administration of sedatives, the Pope got very little sleep until the early hours today. When he did dose off, he did not awaken until 8:30 a. m., an unusually late hour for him. He immediately heard mass and received communion, and then admitted Cardinal Pacelli. At this meeting it was decided to call in the specialist.

"The Pope withstands his suffering very well," a Vatican spokesman said.

Osservatore Romano, official Vatican newspaper, revealed the Pope had told Cardinal Pacelli:

"I do not ask not to suffer, but I want to suffer in complete accordance with the holy will of God."

The great pain and general seriousness of the Pope's condition—several other ailments and his extreme age, 79, combine to make it critical—were such that the Pontiff was unable to see anyone except Cardinal Pacelli and those attending him medically.

SISTER FAILS TO SEE POPE

His sister, Donna Camilla Ratti, who has been a frequent visitor to the sick-room of late, was refused permission to see him, and today Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, head of the sacred congregation of propaganda, was unable to discuss with the Pontiff what were described as matters of vital importance.

Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi was told he could not see the Pontiff immediately, but that he would be received within a few days.

The cardinal's desire to see the Pope was in connection with dispatch of Apostolic Vicars to China and Africa, both matters being held in abeyance because under Canonical Law the Pope must personally approve.

Conditions in China, the Cardinal said, require immediate dispatch, but no serious was the Pope's condition the matter had to wait.

The Pope's enforced inability, which comes despite his eagar desire to work if he is at all able, was viewed with great apprehension in high Vatican quarters.

MAY QUIT BED

The inability to work is increasing the Pope's nervousness and general distress, giving rise to the fear that he might force himself to quit his bed despite all medical advice.

The expected reaction to the Pope's exertions of the past few days, climaxing with the radio broadcast apparently had set in. The great increase in the leg pains were the most importanip hase of the reaction.

The usual Christmas atmosphere of good cheer at the Vatican was lacking this season. All were concerned with the Pontiff's suffering.

Families Absent; Home Fire-Swept

Origin of the fire which swept a six-family tenement house in London avenue, East Boston, causing $5000 damage, was being probed by fire officials today.

The blaze, which started under a first floor stairway, swept to the roof before firemen checked it. No one was home at the time.

WHOLE HUMAN RACE WAS ARTHUR BRISBANE'S FIELD

Physics, Chemistry Hobbies

Scientific Miracles Foreseen by Editor

By JOSEPH MULVANEY

(Copyright, 1936, by General Service)

New York, Dec. 26—Arthur Brisbane was one of the greatest newspaper men that ever lived. He was great in every phase and field of journalism.

Up to the hour of death he continued to expand the area of his work and influence, to intensify his seemingly superhuman mental and physical energy until mind and body were utterly exhausted.

But he lived as he wanted to live, and he died as he wanted to die—a newspaperman.

Arthur Brisbane possessed a depth and breadth of knowledge that would have made him among the foremost as a scientist, a philosopher, a statesman, a professor, a historian.

He preferred to combine and concentrate all his varied talent into newspaper work. In that profession he proved to be a genius—unique, incredible and of tremendous power.

This man spoke to and was heard by an audience of many millions every day.

He stimulated them to thought by analyzing public questions, by simplifying abstruse problems, by applying the foot rule of common sense under the light of human experience.

He wrote simply, directly and with terrific impact. He was master of the monosyllable from which he developed the explosive energy scientists seek in the atom.

Worked for Dana

For the measure and weight of Arthur Brisbane's greatness, other great editors must be mentioned.

The most famous of these—Charles A. Dana, editor of the N. Y. Sun, and Joseph Pulitzer, of the old N. Y. World, for and with whom he worked in their heyday years; Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier Journal; Laurence Godkin, of the old New York Post; James Gordon Bennett, of the Herald; Horace Greeley, of the N. Y. Tribune; Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield Republican—had small audiences in comparison with the ever-increasing multitude Arthur Brisbane's pen and mind reached.

Presidents and premiers, kings and rajahs reigned and battled in endless procession before Brisbane's eyes, and he watched them all.

Born during America's struggle of the states, he saw war lifted from earth to the clouds and sunk under seas. He observed its growth with the advance of science.

Invariably he surprised because he appreciated the infiniteness of the human heritage, the modern miseries of human nature. Its mutability and surgery were as often foreseen by Brisbane as the prophesying appeared the mere fulfillment of his prophecies.

Born in 1864

Arthur Brisbane grasped affairs of the world of reality and as comprehensively as if the globe in his office were literally the earth. And he could draw significance for every human mind in the plight of a child with a headache, in a struggle between a spider and a snake in a web.

Associates said the whole human race was Brisbane's field—for he knew zoology, botany and geology and much meteorology too.

Thousands of limitations of Mr. Brisbane's incredible accuracy of judgment on great and small problems might be offered. He wrote of the futility of the Versailles Treaty and predicted the opposite of the many and the sowing of war seed again.

As if it were of equal importance years ago he telephoned a Chicago newspaper editor that the then celebrated Wanderer case was murder not suicide and gave the reason that resulted in the solution of that mystery.

He could—and did—cover political conventions better than any political correspondent. He could make Damon Runyon and Bill Corum step faster to keep up with him at the ringside. And if they waxed reminiscent over the days of Fitzsimmons and Corbett, Joe Gans and Terry McGovern, Brisbane would swing them back to Dempsey—Jack—Sullivan, McAuliffe and Dempsey—and discuss the time when he boxed the great John L. and covered bare-knuckled bouts on English turf.

Worked Hard

Newspapermen work hard and play hard—but not Arthur Brisbane just worked hard. He was not interested in play of any kind, and sleep seemed a necessity he regretted.

He knew better than almost any other man the tremendous value of time for he realized the literalness of the fact that without it life cannot be.

Every day saw a sub-conscious struggle to get more work done than on the previous day.

In every case he tried to beat the previous hour's production. He installed a dictaphone in his automobile, of course, but his office caused another to be carried on trains—he pleaded over Thomas A. Edison when the inventor of the phonograph could not install a device to prevent vibration jarring the needle on the wax cylinder of the phonograph.

Brisbane did it by setting the whole machine on an air cushion!

Once when he observed blind telegrams typewriting in a Detroit hospital, Brisbane told his secretary that the sightless men were twice as swift on a machine as those he knew who could see.

He rode in a taxicab to Grand Central Terminal from the New York American building one day, a distance of less than three miles. In the car with him were an advertising manager, a real estate dealer and the editor of a Hearst newspaper.

Quick Action

In the 15 minutes required for the trip Arthur Brisbane decided the policy of the newspaper on an important issue, settled a land deal and had mapped out an advertising campaign.

With 10 minutes left to train time, he stood at the marble topped information counter in the Terminal and got his "Today" column under way.

Calling a messenger, he dictated it downtown, and telegraphed the rest of the column from stations.

He was a great advertising director. A decade ago, David Wark Griffith brought "The Two Orphans" to the screen under the title "Orphans of the Storm" and published it as a tender, sentimental, Gothic narrative. The film dropped limply and a six figured investment appeared lost for Brisbane.

Griffith asked Brisbane's aid. Brisbane looked at the film, told Griffith to cut it in half and then wasted. Griffith said he sought a new cut—criticism.

Brisbane promptly proposed 12 pages of advertising at a dollar a line in the New York American's and Evening Journal, once a week.

Wrote Ads

Aghast at the cost, the motion picture man declared the plan impossible.

Brisbane countered. He suggested that Griffith average the last four weeks' receipts, authorize the advertisements and if declared he would accept half the increase in risks in payment.

Against that expression of confidence, Griffiths took thought, then bought the pages. Brisbane took the film. Instead of the usual fulness of Gish and the romantic glance of history, "Orphans of the Storm" blazed into aggressive action. He suggested novel methods of advertising.

One ad pictured Billy Sunday, who had likewise been a subject of lecture, but who admitted with a leaping gesture that if he did "Orphans of the Storm" would be the picture he would select and why.

The box office bulged with business, Griffith gave thanks that he did not have to elevate the increase, and Arthur Brisbane from that was a liberal and never forsook the Hearts.

He was born in Buffalo on December 12, 1864, coincident with Lincoln's appointment of Grant to command the Union army.

He was a son of Albert Brisbane, a wealthy theorizing philosopher who was the last leader of the Brisbane family associated with the name, Brune Lessing; while S. S. Carvalho rose to chairmanship of the board of directors.

All these men were developed from reporters, and Brisbane, or modified by W. R. Hearst's philosophy and policy.

Hearst financial editorials in the World had struck to the hearts of readers by their simplicity, directness, common sense.

On the Morning Journal, to emphasize appearance in the new field, Brisbane wanted them to strike the eyes first.

W. R. Hearst at that time opposed type, but Brisbane wanted what he said to shout from the printed page.

He had made a financial arrangement with W. R. Hearst by which instead of increased salary he would be paid a commission on circulation improvement.

He had obtained wide authority for the play of his own power.

So, despite organization opposition, he blasted forth his messages in the biggest type available, then had seven-inch wooden type cut to be even more impressive.

Before the so-called doubletruck, by which he could pun a page, was used, he waged what was a break. Circulation sky-rocketed—but, no, that's not the word, because sky-rockets come down. The Journal circulation remained on high!

Journal's Leap

The Journal appeared as an evening paper on September 28, 1896, with Mr. Brisbane the propeller of what that executed the Hearstian policy in the Brisbanian manner.

In a year, circulation reached 50,197; copies, the biggest spread in the history of earth's journalism, down to that time.

The New York American became the Hearst morning paper. The World passed into permanent eclipse.

Through all the dazzling performance, Arthur Brisbane remained a shy, aloof figure so far as the public was concerned. He avoided banquets, balked at public speeches.

In a building where executive titles became common as cobblestones on a waterfront street, where office boys tried to paint their names on sanded glass doors, Arthur Brisbane worked and wrote almost invisibly.

There was no fame on the door of his musty office which was filled with reference books—a Bible, "Familiar Quotations" and ethic philosophers' essays ever at hand—and newspapers from all over the world.

The furniture was comfortable but not luxurious. It was the most effective organ of public opinion in the country!

Arthur Brisbane learned one executive element there that influenced him to the end of life.

Hearst in N. Y.

He learned the wisdom of appreciating specialized skill in others and of delegating duties to others. But he elected his delegates with extreme caution, giving them authority as fast as they could exercise it, pointing them for those average rates, generating loyalty in them.

An odd trait for an intense individualist who set no limit to his own labors.

When William Randolph Hearst came from California to New York and bought the Morning Journal he drew them all to him, among them Brisbane.

Around Mr. Brisbane and not subordinate to him stood other tremendous powers of press. Morrill Goddard edited the Sunday edition, Arthur Brisbane the mass of superfeatures gathered from all over the world. Bradford Merrill was the world's managing editor.

S. S. Carvalho was the World's publisher and business manager. Ralph Pulitzer was managing reporter. Nellie Bly was the great girl reporter. They formed a constellation around Joseph Pulitzer and they made the World whirl.

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All these men were developed from reporters, and Brisbane, or modified by W. R. Hearst's philosophy and policy.

Hearst financial editorials in the World had struck to the hearts of readers by their simplicity, directness, common sense.

On the Morning Journal, to emphasize appearance in the new field, Brisbane wanted them to strike the eyes first.

W. R. Hearst at that time opposed type, but Brisbane wanted what he said to shout from the printed page.

He had made a financial arrangement with W. R. Hearst by which instead of increased salary he would be paid a commission on circulation improvement.

He had obtained wide authority for the play of his own power.

So, despite organization opposition, he blasted forth his messages in the biggest type available, then had seven-inch wooden type cut to be even more impressive.

Before the so-called doubletruck, by which he could pun a page, was used, he waged what was a break. Circulation sky-rocketed—but, no, that's not the word, because sky-rockets come down. The Journal circulation remained on high!

Journal's Leap

The Journal appeared as an evening paper on September 28, 1896, with Mr. Brisbane the propeller of what that executed the Hearstian policy in the Brisbanian manner.

In a year, circulation reached 50,197; copies, the biggest spread in the history of earth's journalism, down to that time.

The New York American became the Hearst morning paper. The World passed into permanent eclipse.

Through all the dazzling performance, Arthur Brisbane remained a

Across the Eventful Years

The youthful Arthur Brisbane.

A favorite photo of the famed editor.

As Arthur Brisbane looked in 1919.

Brisbane smiles in Boston in 1931.

to the New York World, then ratified the most aggressive liberal newspaper in the country.

Pulitzer and Brisbane teamed well for years. The Brisbane editorials became internationally famous. He used saws on the heads of readers like a hammer on a bell, startling the community, setting up vibrations and reverberations.

His hit hard and often. He did not await developments. He forced them.

He made the old World a modern crusader, organizing and leading the masses of readers against social, industrial and political evil. The World became the most effective organ of public opinion in the country!

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in the selection of subordinates to carry out his ideas."

This was another trait both men possessed.

Brisbane's sense of news value, public sentiment and emotional appeal were unsurpassed.

He could write intensely interesting editorials on subjects ignored under the eyes of other newspapers.

At sight of an ant darting through rain, he wrote that an ant's estimate of Brisbane must be like man's attempt to understand God.

Knew Main Street

One of the most interesting editorials he ever wrote—interesting in the breadth of its appeal—was a conversation with a barber who shaved him.

Every barber was one he did in 8 minutes, 8 minutes when a railroad junction where he was forced to remain several hours because William Randolph Hearst had called him back to New York suddenly.

Arthur Brisbane sauntered up and down the main street, noting the persons he encountered and talking to a few or what he learned to them. Out of that self-assigned task came an editorial on small town life that remains a classic in the reporter's memory.

Brisbane based it on a healthy, handsome farm girl looking at engagement rings in a jeweler's window.

He liked to saunter into country newspaper offices and chat between editions with the editors and their associates.

He would draw them to the local hotel for luncheon sometimes—and they jumped at the chance—to talk shop. Or rather, they would talk and he would write.

Arthur Brisbane was the best listener on earth, strongly as he disliked conferences, when he be rated social engagements.

If any man had humor and seldom indulged in it but he possessed that gift.

When W. S. ('Slim') Farnsworth, sports editor of the Evening Journal, asked him to contribute his own favorite avocation for a series on fads of the famous, Mr. Brisbane drew a handful of currency from a pocket and with slow care began building a column of coins and he said, gently left he disturb the structure:

"My favorite relaxation is seeing how high I can build a cylinder of pennies without letting it fall and make you'd better put me down for horse-back riding."

Uses Own Column

He used to chuckle over the time he went to congratulate the editor for W. R. Hearst in the near West and substituted his own column for that of a local sage.

At dinner the first day, in a restaurant, he saw two men discussing the new management and overheard one say, querulously:

"Who's this young man Arthur Brisbane that's got a column in the paper tonight? . . . Don't know him, eh? . . . Well neither do I but I guess he won't last long . . . No sir, he'll find he's not big enough for old Mr. Livingstone's boots!"

He was a tremendous traveler but confined himself to America almost exclusively. He always travelled fast, arguing speed lengthened life.

He saw the importance of every part of the country and sectional envy seemed to him unpatriotic merely to the point of treason.

State rivalry was splendid, he thought, but state enmity destructive.

He could find as many points in favor of Florida as of California as much to be said for Detroit as New York—but he preferred the lands and mountains and their people to the cities and financial and least developed resources.

Brisbane respected and admired all religions. He sometimes showed impatience with zealots who sought to win converts.

He suggested once to an Evangelist dwelling to proselyte among Jews in New York that if he converte he would make in a century could be carried in a basket.

Yet he displayed sympathy and understanding with new beliefs. He saw much in Christian Science when and Mary Baker Eddy died, Arthur Brisbane was the only pallbearer who was not a member of her faith.

Between science and religion, he saw no real conflict.

He could have answered the arguments of Darrow and Bryan with equal ease in that celebrated debate on fundamentalism, yet he respected the sincerity of both men.

Any leader possessing sincerity and willing to make personal sacrifice for a cause had faith attested Brisbane's admiration. He saw in the passive resistance of Gandhi one of the most powerful forces ever released on the world.

In any attempt to outline Arthur Brisbane's career, the inherent modesty of the man is revealed. His concise autobiography in "Who's Who" tells all he wanted the world to know of him and it is very little.

He married Phoebe Cary when he was 48. He refused to permit more than mere mention of his ex-enemy in print. He presented as far as possible any reference to his family in print.

Dana's Dictum

Brisbane learned the elements of journalism under Dana, and it was Dana who put conviction in all each of his editors laid down this dictum for obituaries of newspaper men, by the way, for Brisbane was the life story of a flamboyant politician: "For you a column; for me, a line!"

When the editor died, Dana gave him exactly a column. And when Dana died, the New York Sun printed exactly a line: "Charles A. Dana died yesterday."

When Arthur Brisbane's son, Hugo Brisbane, died recently, the father stood the shock stoically and protested against any public mention of it. Finally and reluctantly, he consented to publication of a paragraph in the Hearst newspapers.

Under protest, pictures of himself occasionally were published.

Brisbane was an advocate of personal anonymity and believed that one of a newspaper's duties was to write straight with readers than any by-line.

His own editorials virtually never were signed—yet his fame as an editorial writer was world-wide.

It was not until he established his "Today" column that he gave that he "signed his stuff" and that seemed at first to be a mere notion.

$260,000 a Year

The success of it was instantaneous through the nation. From the syndicated revenues of it, he was granted $260,000 a year compensation, $5000 a week; almost four times the President's salary.

Arthur Brisbane was the highest paid newspaperman in the world. He also owned the distinction of being one of the best businessmen.

The acquisition of wealth evidently was secondary to his work. For once, he told a friend:

"I'm not going to say that money possesses any value to me. But it seems to be the standard by which the success of men is judged in this country—and I suppose it is natural to like to be considered successful."

He invested heavily in real estate because he was convinced Manhattan real estate was the surest, safest investment on earth.

He owned areas in the neighborhood of the upper fifties as well as a large home at Lakewood bought at the time his friend, George Gould, lived there.

Erased Evils

The Ritz Tower was built by Mrs Brisbane, but he sold it to William R. Hearst after completion.

He bought the Washington Times in 1917 and the Evening Wisconsin in 1918 to demonstrate his ability to recognize newspapers. Then, when they were on their feet, he sold them to W. R. Hearst. There were other newspapers, large and small that he developed.

With the Great War in 1900, Arthur Brisbane established the Chicago American for the Hearst newspaper chain.

The first issue appeared on July 4 during the Democratic convention. Bryan was nominated next day.

Assuming direct editorial command, Brisbane exposed corporations looting city water and offered and started the paper on an aggressive policy.

He became virtually executive director of all Hearst evening newspapers while retaining interest in all phases of Hearst journalism.

He fostered King Features, promoting that syndicate until it became foremost in its field.

He was active in the expansion of Universal Service and International News Service. The Hearst newspaper system developed into a world force.

Just once was Arthur Brisbane persuaded to enter politics actively. He was persuaded but declined to perform. This was in 1903 when he consented to accept the Democratic nomination from the 11th New York district.

But just before the nomination was made, the editor abruptly withdrew, insisting that the only person qualified to carry out William Randolph Hearst's policies in politics was William Randolph Hearst himself.

As he was to do later with the Washington Times, the Evening Wisconsin, the Ritz Tower and other acquisitions Brisbane turned the Congressional nomination over to his employer. He helped elect Mr. Mearst too.

Long after William R. Hearst conceded Brisbane's wisdom in keeping out of public office.

No other person exercised the tremendous direct personal influence on the nation. "Today" is published in more than 200 daily newspapers, regularly in the first column of the first page, and in over 1500 weekly publications.

More than 50,000,000 people read it daily, and that is larger audience than ever voted for Roosevelt or any other President—and the newspapers and the readers are of every political faith and nation.

Roosevelt Message

When Brisbane was 70 years old and 50 years an editor, President Roosevelt sent a message:

"This is momentous news. It is so momentous that I am moved to comment and to congratulate. Your writings, in my judgment, have always been marke with merit; not that I have agreed with you at all times but, because I always have been an admirer of things coherent be may be, a professor of science on some distant mountain top or the President of a people and I make the statement, with little fear of contradiction, that none of these millions is ever at a loss to understand exactly what you meant when you clustered your thoughts into printed thoughts."

Of course, Brisbane did not seek agreement or readers would not be wrote. Simplest method of intellectual that condition would be to state platitudes and axioms. He tried to stir mental controversy, to stimulate thought, to develop thinking.

Criticism that he erred at times meant nothing to him, as has been illustrated. He knew error to be inevitable and said he did not profess nor desire omniscience. Complaint that he was superficial in writing made him smile.

Superficiality, or the semblance of superficiality, often is the best and most difficult to achieve. The New York Times analyzed or tried to analyze his method:

"He drops into readers' minds a single statement about anything in the news and then he lets nature take its course. The whole trick, he says, is to see the immediate consequences of something and to say it clearly.

Wrote for Present

"He has no time to elaborate ultimate theories. The news will not wait. Today's truth is the untruth of tomorrow. Consequently, any theory would be largely unsound anyway . . . He was a 'natural' long before the arrival of the days and the term that put that word to mean the right man in the right place."

Just before the seventieth birthday, he took an active interest in the Daily Mirror, the New York tabloid. He moved in quietly, or rather, he made his presence felt at an office and explained that he hoped to make almost useless on the paper. He told Editor and Publisher's interviewer:

"The problem in newspaper work is to have an idea and then transfer it to other minds. That is done either on a big first page.

"A tabloid is more important as an intensively illustrated newspaper, than as a small newspaper. If you make the right kind of a tabloid and changed it to twice its size, meaning full size, it would do just about as well.

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"Men, as men, a million years ago, and before that, in their animal ancestry, took in information through their eyes, millions of years before they had any idea of forming spoken words or into pictures inside their brains."

Editorial Vital

Commenting then on editorial influence, he said:

"The editorial in a newspaper is something like the spinal column in a charming young lady. When you marry her, you don't think about her spinal column but if she didn't have one, you wouldn't marry her. She would be flat on the ground. She couldn't stand up.

"The editorial column is to a newspaper what the backbone is to a person. You don't think about it or see it but you know it is necessary. Few Editorial columns are really read but occasionally that happens.

Of radio development in the news field, he said:

"Radio competition is not competition in newspapers. As regards news, the radio is more like a signboard. The average human being wants to get the news at his leisure and think about it as he reads.

"A few words hurled at him through the air and followed by others immediately do not give him time for thought.

Praised Radio

"The newspaper is useful, the radio is useful, the latest and undoubtedly one of the greatest of human inventions. Things that are useful do not interfere with each other.

"There are more horses now working than there were before the automobile was invented. There is a greater tonnage of sailing vessels on the sea than before Fulton was born.

"The radio will increase newspaper circulation because the newspaper will tell the people just what the radio gentleman says and what he means, but it will also tell the advertisement reading population just what it was the handsome young woman was singing or the interesting comedian was joking about.

"Radio's greatest value will be as a teacher, enabling the great teachers wherever he may be, a professor of science on some distant mountain top or the President of a people and I make the statement, with little fear of contradiction, that none of these millions is ever at a loss to understand exactly what you meant when you clustered your thoughts into printed thoughts."

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Revitalized Monosyllable

Dana and Pulitzer Early Associates

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Knew Death Near

In the last decade of life, he wrote with increasing frequency and increasing beyond human ability. He continued to "live reasonably" as he put it and to travel much and work while traveling.

Then, in 1928, going west to pay a birthday visit to W. R. Hearst, he wrote on the train for the last time.

"On the platform at Marcellus, Neb., while a crowd of 2,000 citizens cheered, I had an experience that I can only describe as very near death.

"The young lady carries a paste-board box filled with necktie, offering them for sale, eager and courageously.

"My mother makes those neckties,' she says, and I help her. They are very good. They'll last as long as you live.'

"The last statement, considering her customer, might be true.

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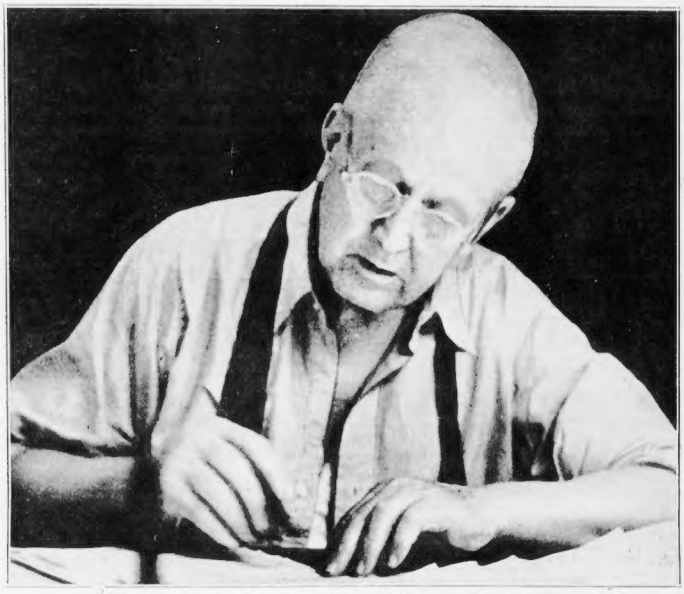
Life's Brilliant Chapter Ends; the Book Is Closed

POSED WITH ROSALIE GIMPLE, AIR HOSTESS



THIS RECENT PICTURE SHOWS ARTHUR BRISBANE AT WORK ON "TODAY"

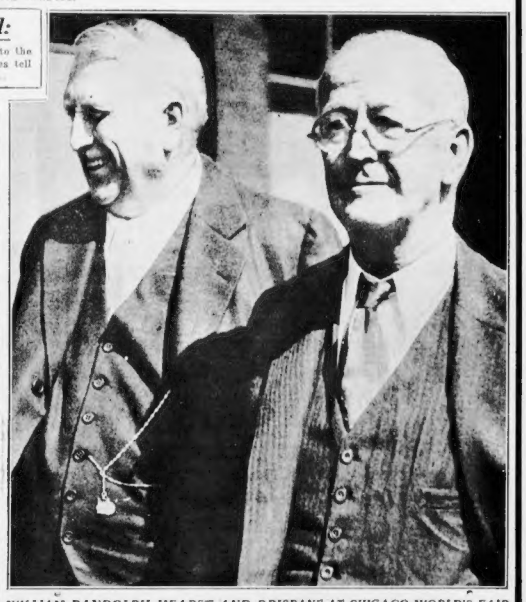
ADDRESSING CHICAGO ADVERTISING COUNCIL

Arthur Brisbane Said:

"The picture tells the story directly to the brain . . . News comes first and pictures tell the news most rapidly."

OFTEN CHATTED WITH HENRY FORD

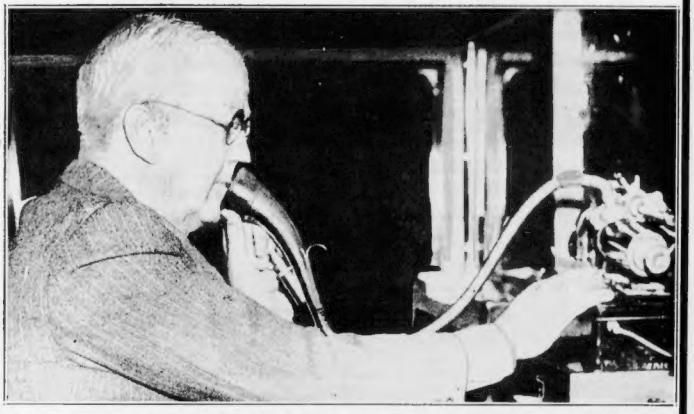
(Picture from International News Photograph Service)



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND BRISBANE AT CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

ARTHUR BRISBANE AT HAUPTMANN TRIAL

TALKS AVIATION WITH HIRAM BINGHAM



RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF ARTHUR BRISBANE AT DICTAPHONE INSTALLED IN HIS AUTOMOBILE

A Nation's Tribute:

Brisbane's Death Mourned by All

Universal Service

Notables from all sections of the country today joined in mourning the death of Arthur Brisbane. Among the many expressions of sorrow at the passing of the noted journalist were the following:

GOVERNOR LEHMAN of New York:

I am deeply sorry to hear of the death of Arthur Brisbane, whom I have known for many years. He was an outstanding figure in American journalism. His wisdom, his courage and his power of sound and constructive criticism made him a national figure, and he will long be remembered by the American people. His passing is a great loss to the country.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA of New York city:

American journalism has lost one of its pioneer and outstanding characters. Mr. Brisbane's editorials were an inspiration to me. We were friends for many years. Mr. Brisbane's passing is a great loss to the country.

WILLIAM T. DEWART, publisher of the New York Evening Sun:

Arthur Brisbane was one of the extraordinary men of his generation. As a reporter on the Sun, where he learned journalism as a youth, and later in far different fields, he showed a brilliance which amounted to genius. I shall miss his comment on the passing show.

"A True Friend"

DAVID SARNOFF, of New York, president Radio Corporation of America:

We shall all mourn the irreparable loss of Arthur Brisbane. He was a true friend, a great journalist and an outstanding American.

BERNARD GIMBEL of New York:

Arthur Brisbane was my friend for more than 25 years. We saw much of each other; yet time association never dulled the brilliance of the man, for he was truly gifted. He had the gift of industry. I saw him lead the New York Evening Journal to the greatest evening newspaper circulation in America by sheer grinding industry. He had the gift of versatility. He was at home in any society and with any type of mind. He had the greatest gift of all—knowledge. His last column carries a tradition of that humanity in its work. He wrote: "Whatever the man has come—a birthday that means kindness and hope for so many millions of human beings. Those millions of human beings have lost a friend and counselor.

Smith's Tribute

FORMER GOVERNOR SMITH of New York:

Not only the newspaper profession but the whole community has lost by the death of Arthur Brisbane a personality and a genius which contributed many important independent elements to American journalism and many significant thoughts to the science of business, administration and politics. He will be many millions who will miss his thoughtful daily comments.

ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER, publisher of The New York Times (in a telegram to Mrs. Brisbane):

"I am deeply distressed at the loss of your distinguished husband, whose death creates such a void, not only in the lives of his family and many friends but also among a constituency of newspaper readers who followed his daily writings over so many years. A newspaper man of skill and experience—a leader in the technique of his craft, he was like a beacon light in the everchanging scene of his profession—publisher — editor — columnist—he brought such freshness and vitality to his work that even those who had reason to differ with his position, were impressed by his dynamic force and homely philosophy. You have my sincere sympathy in your bereavement."

SENATOR-ELECT HENRY CABOT LODGE, of Massachusetts—

"The sudden death of Arthur Brisbane leaves a vacancy in American journalism that will be hard to fill. He was one of the most loved and outstanding writers that the American press has ever known. I have always enjoyed reading his daily column which was inspiring and educational. We shall all miss his pungent, forceful comments on both national and international matters."

MEMPHIS (TENN.) COMMERCIAL APPEAL—

To attempt to assess and assay the wisdom of Mr. Brisbane's courses and opinions might well be idle for time alone can do that accurately and it is without fear or favor, passion or prejudice. The he did provoke people to think is established as is the fact that he gave interest and pleasure to untold millions for any man that may be sufficient and satisfactory epitaph if that man was a newspaper man.

BIRMINGHAM AGE-HERALD—

Arthur Brisbane, like most important writers, aroused many to criticism, many even to disagree violently with him. But none disputed that, among newspaper men, he was gifted as have been few in all the history of American journalism.

Mr. Brisbane's greatness lay largely in the boundless scope of his own interest and curiosity and in his amazing ability to simplify the complicated, making interesting the obscure and seeing the significance of the commonplace as well as the odd.

Only One Brisbane

THE DENVER (COL.) POST:

There are thousands of editorial writers, newspapers have columnists galore, but there was only one Arthur Brisbane.

More than any other writer, Brisbane made thinking popular. He encouraged the masses of the American people to use their heads. He demonstrated that newspaper editorials can be made interesting to readers of all classes and he did that by writing understandingly about things in which people are interested. He had the knack of making timely and interesting and of making interesting subjects important.

Brisbane had the gift of being able to write in a way which appealed even to that part of the public which Kipling said: "Thinks with its feet." He was an avid herd thinkerest of people in all walks of life.

HUTCHITA (KANS.) HEACON:

Mr. Brisbane was constructive, never otherwise. His was a facile pen of strength and of simplicity. He dealt in the opposite terms. His style was one of modesty, ringing clear. It was that which all could understand.

He never wrote to the cultured. He did not write either to the masses of the people. He wrote for the man in the streets, for the industrialist in his office, for the scholar in his study, for the banker in his counting room, for the pupil at his tasks, for the philosopher, for the woman in the home, for the historian, for the statesman and for the common run of folks who scan the daily press.

Served All Ranks

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES:

The chain of newspapers which he served, the profession of journalism as a whole and the public alike have suffered loss in the sudden death of Arthur Brisbane. Reputed to have been the highest paid of newspaper writers and one of the most widely read, his contributions to the calling he had followed for all of his adult life were many and considerable. In the 54 years of his crowded newspaper career, he had filled with distinction journalistic posts of every rank from the lowest to the highest and to each of them he brought something which, if not always an improvement, was at least striking and original. For his favored task of editorial writing he possessed a fund of information, a catholicity of taste and a facility of expression such as are enjoyed by few commentators. While his passion for popularizing news and news interpretation sometimes led him to extremes, he did more than most men of his profession to make the daily paper the literature of the masses.

C. B. BLETHEN, publisher Seattle Times:

In the death of Arthur Brisbane American journalism has suffered an irreparable loss. The world's greatest columnist, one of the three or four best all-round newspaper men the profession has ever known has left us grieving. Our sympathy to his family and intimate associates.

"Copy" Readable

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, famous American novelist, whose home is in Santa Fe, writes:

Brisbane's death is the greatest loss any newspaper could sustain. He was the world's greatest columnist because his 'copy' was the most readable.

CHARLES S. DENEEN, former United States senator from Illinois:

He was a great newspaper man, a great man and impressed his views on millions.

EDWARD J. KELLY, mayor of Chicago:

The death of Arthur Brisbane and the loss of his editorial comment will mark an unfillable void in the columns of our newspapers. I am shocked by the realization that so great an editor and a personal friend has passed away.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, president, University of Chicago—

The world has lost a man of keen intellect. He was one of the greatest reporters the world ever knew. I am grieved to hear of his passing.

CHARLES G. DAWES, former Vice President of the United States—

I am deeply shocked at the death of Mr. Brisbane—a man who has entertained and instructed the world for so many years. His place will never be filled.

Always Fair

ROBERT R. McCORMICK, publisher of the Chicago Tribune—

Arthur Brisbane will go down into history as one of the permanently great figures of American journalism. I feel a personal loss at his passing. I had known him so well over a long term of years. He had that tremendous imagination which aided him in doing what nobody else has been able to do—write a perfect news column day after day for so many years. Personally, he was always a most delightful companion. And as a contemporary, he was always fair, superb and aboard—and vigorous. News of his death comes as a distinct shock to me.

HENRY HORNER, Governor of Illinois—

Mr. Brisbane's death is an irreparable blow to the newspaper world in particular and the world in general. It leaves me with a deep sense of loss. He was a profound thinker and a writer of unparelleled ability and character.

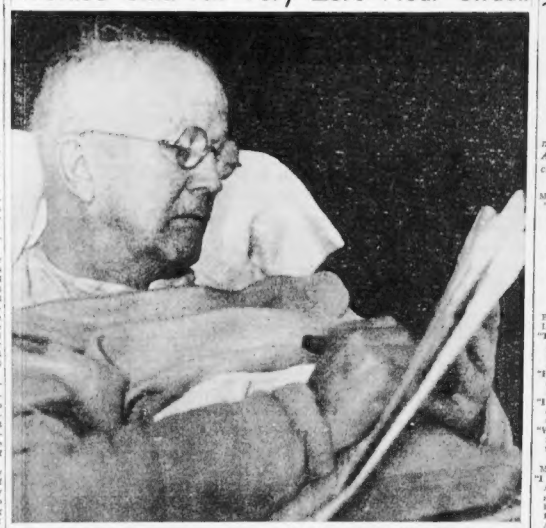
GOVERNOR FRANK F. MERRIAM OF CALIFORNIA—

Arthur Brisbane's death was a terrible loss. He was the dean of world columnists. Mr. Brisbane was an outstanding figure in American life. The American people lost a great informant when Mr Brisbane died.

GOVERNOR R. L. COCHRAN OF NEBRASKA—

This is news which we hear with regret. Appreciation of the contributions he made to journalism will be universal. His native abilities were recognized nationally and internationally and his death is a great loss to American journalism.

Worked Until His Very Zero Hour Struck



(Picture from International News Photograph Service.)

Refusing to permit pain or personal discomfort to retard him in the performance of his duty, Arthur Brisbane worked up to the very last hour of his full and useful life. He would tolerate no fussing or fuming over his illness and "carried on" until his zero hour actually struck. Photo shows the famous editor working in bed during his recent illness.

Hail to Memory:

Editor Extolled By N. E. Leaders

New England educators, clergymen and leaders in business, professional and civic affairs paid tribute today to Arthur Brisbane, famous editorial writer, to whom death came yesterday in New York. Some of the comments were:

GOV. JAMES M. CURLEY, of Massachusetts:

"The death of Mr. Brisbane is a great calamity and a shock to the nation. He was one of the most outstanding writers. No man has done more to promote real thinking among the American people. His writings were both inspirational and helpful. His untimely death is a real loss to the nation and American journalism."

UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT HENRY CABOT LODGE:

"The sudden death of Arthur Brisbane leaves a vacancy in American journalism that will be hard to fill.

"He was one of the most loved and outstanding writers that the American press has ever known.

"I have always enjoyed reading his daily column in the Boston Evening American.

"We shall all miss his pungent, forceful comments on both national and international matters."

MAYOR FREDERICK W. MANSFIELD:

"I learn with regret the death of Arthur Brisbane. His passing is a great loss to American journalism. I often read his column and found it pleasant and informing. A wise and worthwhile career has passed from the journalistic field."

GOV.-ELECT CHARLES F. HURLEY:

"Arthur Brisbane is dead and the world has suffered the loss of an eminent writer whose splendid work will live in the hearts of millions of his devoted readers."

CARL DREYFUS, publisher of the Boston Evening American-Sunday Advertiser and a close friend of Arthur Brisbane:

"The passing of Mr. Brisbane shocks us beyond words. He has been so closely allied with Mr. Hearst during the years that his passing will make a difficult gap to fill. He had a fine sense of fairness, a high appreciation of journalistic integrity and a marvelous gift of sensing coming events and situations. He was a brave, stalwart friend, forthright and fearless. He will be greatly missed."

JOHN T. CUSHING, president of the Boston Daily Record:

"One of the most inspiring careers in American journalism comes to a close with the death of Arthur Brisbane. The many millions who read him delighted greatly thereby. His tremendous influence always throws on the side of good. His mind was a gyserious storehouse from which he could draw information on a moment's notice. He lived the gospel of hard work and, by example, taught that the true greatness of life is intellectual and moral action."

JAMES G. REARDON, State Commissioner of Education:

"I am deeply shocked at the death of Mr. Brisbane. He was an instructed and entertained the world for many years through his famous column, which was a daily comment on national and international affairs.

"His position in American journalism probably was unique; certainly it was great. His passing is a great loss and we will all miss him very much."

DANIEL L. MARSH, president of Boston University:

"Mr. Brisbane through his years of service to American journalism had become one of its greatest figures.

"All Americans who appreciate vigorous writing and a brilliant knowledge of past and current events will mourn his passing."

"We had become to look for his column "Today" as one of the finest examples of authoritative comment and interpretation of the day's news."

JOSEPH MAYNARD, collector of the port of Boston:

"I had read Mr. Brisbane's column for a great many years and I feel a sense of personal loss at his passing. Like thousands of readers all over the world I shall miss his sparkling and trenchant observations on the life he saw around him. No one can take his place."

LT.-GOV. JOSEPH L. HURLEY:

"The sudden death of Mr. Brisbane is a tragic loss to journalism. His place cannot be filled in this generation. He was an able writer, an accurate historian and a real American."

GOV. STYLES BRIDGES of New Hampshire:

"I am shocked to hear of the sudden passing of Arthur Brisbane. He was known the world over for his most interesting and timely comments on news events of the day. The country is losing one of the greatest journalists ever known. I believe he was the most widely read man in the world and we will miss him very much."

PROF. WALLACE B. DONHAM, dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration:

"Mr. Brisbane's stimulating editorials were read by businessmen everywhere. His passing is a loss to American journalism."

RALPH HORNBLOWER, widely known Boston banker:

"I am very sorry, indeed, to hear of his death. I always read his column regularly and with a great deal of interest."

HON. LEWIS O. BARROWS, governor-elect of Maine:

"Probably no man had such a widespread clientele among Maine newspaper readers as Arthur Brisbane. His death will be keenly felt by the thousands who read him daily in the Boston Evening American and other Hearst papers. He was an institution to those who have followed him for many years."

DR. ANTON DeHAAS, professor of international relationships at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration:

"I have always regarded Mr. Brisbane as a man of great sincerity who had a tremendous influence in shaping the thought of the country. He had an uncanny ability to make complicated and difficult situations plain to the average reader."

CHARLES H. DONAHUE, Massachusetts Supreme Court Justice:

"Mr. Brisbane's passing leaves a gap in American life. The thing that always impressed me about him was that he was the only example ever seen of an individual who year after year translated his view of life so interestingly into language anyone could understand."

EDWARD PETER PIERCE, Massachusetts Supreme Court Justice:

"I read Mr. Brisbane's editorials for many years. He was unquestionably a man of great ability, and wit" he greatly missed."

HENRY YOZELL, president of Scott Nurses, Inc.:

"I have been an enthusiastic admirer of Arthur Brisbane almost from the day I started reading newspapers. I consider him one of the small circle of truly great in the world. His passing is a great loss to the American reading public."

CONGRESSMAN ARTHUR D. HEALEY:

"I feel that Mr. Brisbane's death is a great loss to the literary world. He was a great American. His philosophy was so deep, yet easily understandable by the masses. More widely read than any other writer in America, his loss is an irreparable one. I was very sorry to learn of his passing. I also enjoyed his valuable comments on current events, which were timely, thoughtful and helpful to me in public life."

MRS. H. PARKER WHITTINGTON leader in the National Civic Federation, and member of the Boston Morning Musicale Committee:

"I read Mr. Brisbane's column every day. It was the first thing I looked for in the paper, not only for his valuable comments on current events, but for his running interpretation of the news while it was still fresh. Thousands of readers everywhere will miss his brilliant editorials."

MAYOR WALTER A. GRIFFIN OF LAWRENCE:

"His death will be felt as a distinct loss to this entire country. He displayed a most unusual and most refreshing common sense and judgment in all things. Above all he was a real American."

N. E. Publishers, Editors Pay Tribute to Mr. Brisbane

Boston and New England publishers and editors today paid high tributes to the memory of Mr. Brisbane. Some of their comments follow:

ROBERT CHOATE, managing editor of the Boston Herald-Traveler:

"The passing of Mr. Arthur Brisbane is an irreparable blow to the newspaper world in particular and the nation in general. He was a fearless independent editor and generally represented the best interests of our people.

"I have always admired his journalistic ability, and he was one of the greatest writers the world has known. I am grieved to hear of his passing."

WILLIAM O. TAYLOR, publisher of the Boston Globe:

"Arthur Brisbane's amazing energy, his breadth of interest and experience, and his graphic pen made him a commanding figure among American journalists of his time."

Under the heading "Arthur Brisbane" the Boston Post said editorially today:

"For many years the press of the country observed its editorial messages in awkward and pendantic language. It was fashionable to write upon subjects that the common man could not understand, did not care about, and was bored with reading.

"It was also the fashion to disguise one's meaning in a slough of allusion and to use an indirect style which hinted rather than informed.

"Arthur Brisbane changed this. His editorial work on the old New York World and afterwards as editor for William Randolph Hearst was made brilliant by his direct and dispassionate style.

"He wrote for the masses and the success and wealth this brought made history in the newspaper business. His passing yesterday means the loss of a great editorial writer, one whose efforts changed the modern conception of editorial writing."

GEORGE T. RICHARDSON, author, and also editor of the Worcester Evening Post:

"Arthur Brisbane has been known and admired by every newspaperman and by millions outside the profession. He carried on a remarkably constructive work. His keen insight and uncanny style in writing in the editorial line probably helped to enlighten and educate to some degree millions of readers."

GEORGE F. BOOTH, publisher of the Worcester Telegram-Gazette:

"Arthur Brisbane was one of the greatest editors in the history of American journalism, and he was probably the greatest editorial writer of all. In his earlier days he was a great newspaper builder. This was probably the reason why he was so valuable to Mr. Hearst. The newspaper profession has suffered a great loss."

JOHN P. S. MAHONY, JR., publisher of the Lawrence Telegram and Sun:

"Mr. Brisbane has been read for two generations in the Mahoney family. We have respected him as a man who kept his fingers on the pulse, not only of the nation, but of the world.

"He has given the great American public for years the benefit of a phenomenal wisdom and vision."

RALPH F. DEWEY, managing editor of the Framingham (News):

"Through a long newspaper experience I have known Arthur Brisbane as one of the most powerful news writers in America. His influence on other newspaper writers as well as the reading public has been very great. His death is a real loss."

JOHN FANTON BIRIN, publisher of the Jewish Advocate:

"The passing of Arthur Brisbane is a great loss to American journalism. Not only has he endeared himself through his writings to all American people but he has been a champion and exponent of the finest ideals of all classes of the population which make up our citizenship.

"As a man of tolerance and understanding of the true traditions of America life, he has always been in the forefront to safeguard the tolerance and good will which is the cornerstone of our heritage."

B. C. President Mourns Loss

THE VERY REV. LOUIS J. GALLAGHER, S. J., president of Boston College:

"His death is a great loss, particularly to the journalistic world. He had a wealth of very original ideas, and to my mind he was a journalist who made research a real profession.

"He was a deep philosopher, and, although I didn't always agree with his philosophy, without a doubt he was a very keen observer, a fine stylist and one who brought to the knowledge of the people a great deal of science and literature.

"He had a very fine universal idea. His eye was on everything going on all over the world, and he always knew what was most important.

"His death is a great loss, a very great loss."

Secretary's Tribute to Brisbane

New York, Dec. 26 (INS)—The last words Arthur Brisbane dictated for his daily column rested today in the grooves of a hard, wax cylinder, preserved for all time.

Emil Steinheimer wants that cylinder. It will mean "the boss" to him—the boss he worked for and loved for 35 years.

Emil was Arthur Brisbane's secretary. The record is one Mr. Brisbane dictated just 24 hours before he died. Emil transcribed it on the typewriter—just as he always did.

And then a few hours later he learned "the boss" was dead.

"They say no man is a hero to his valet or his secretary," Emil explained sadly, "but they didn't know Mr. Brisbane when they made that up.

"I worked for him for a third of a century—a man's whole working lifetime, almost—and I never heard him say a cross word. I never got anything from him but understanding and kindness and consideration and help and advice."

'HERO' MORE FATHER'

"There was always in his activities an example for the rest of us. He was a prodigious worker. He never let up from the minute he got to the office. But he never asked anyone else to perform the herculean labors he did. All he ever asked was an honest day's work.

"He was more than any boss could ever be. A hero? Why, the man was a father to me."

Emil started as an office boy. And one day when Mr. Brisbane asked for an office boy they sent Emil to him. Because Mr. Brisbane liked Emil he sent him to secretarial school for two years. Finally he became a full-time secretary.

Emil has been married 26 years—but 11 of those years he spent on the road, traveling with Mr. Brisbane. He used to see his son about once a month when the youngster was small.

But when Emil was married Mr. Brisbane sent his own relatives to grace the wedding. He sent a check, too. And when Emil's son—a man now—was born, there was another big check. When the boy graduated from college the biggest check than ever. Mr. Brisbane never forgot.

EMIL'S GREAT TRIBUTE

"He was always thinking of others," Emil recalled. "Just a few days before he died he called me 'Emil,' he said, 'look passage to Miami, Fla., are you free Jan. 3.' And then a little later one of his daughters said something about a party and the trip was postponed.

"You don't often a man like that and you begin to think as he thinks, to try to live as he lives, try to be as unselfish as he is. Anybody could see him—any time—providing they had something to do while he was with him about. You could act your clock by his coming and going to the office.

"I'm used to harness. I'm used to Mr. Brisbane. Life is empty without him. I can't tell you how empty. I've worked here so long, I'll probably just come around as usual and sit there and kind of make out I'm working, still.

"I don't want to quit. You can't work and your life for a man like that without wanting to give the little that's left."

Harvard Professor Lauds Columnist

Leaders in all walks of life in Boston today voiced their regret at the death of Arthur Brisbane. Among the tributes to the great editor were the following:

PROFESSOR KIRSOPP LAKE, English department, Harvard:

"Those who will especially miss Mr. Brisbane are Mr. Hearst and the readers of the Boston American. I cannot speak for Mr. Hearst, but I have always been a reader of the American.

"My reason has been that I never knew beforehand what I should read in it, and I prefer a newspaper which surprises and even annoys to one which faithfully portrays my own opinions. I have been often enraged, but never anaesthised by the American, and that is mainly due to Mr. Brisbane.

"Let me put it another way: A journalist ought have three qualities—honesty, lucidity and correctness. Arthur Brisbane was obviously honest. He was appallingly lucid. God, not I, knows whether he was correct. But I know that the roll of history—which is the judgment of God—does not forgive dishonesty, but is lenient to error.

"I would say of him, 'Requiescat in Pace,' if I did not think that work, not rest, and achievement, not peace, are what he would choose. So I will say indeed, 'Laboret in Aeternum ut Meliora Consequatur.'"

PROF. ROBERT E. ROGERS, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and columnist for the Boston Evening American:

"I suppose it must be at least 40 years since I first read Arthur Brisbane's editorials. I have read many stories about his journalistic exploits in France and England when as a young man he was tops in his profession.

"Of late he has been one of the greatest experts in covering the trends of America from all parts of the country with the greatest interest in contemporary news and the greatest knowledge of what was going on in this country.

"He has always been a patriotic American and full of the best ideas about what this country needed. Even as an elderly man, he had lost none of his keenness and shrewdness, his wisdom and his knowledge of what was best for this country.

"His work in American journalism will always be of the greatest importance and he will be very greatly missed in our country."

THOMAS F. COSTELLO, editor of the Lowell Sun:

"Mr. Brisbane's passing is a distinct loss not only to those newspapers privileged to publish 'Today,' but to the entire journalistic world. How thrilled the world would be if we could just once find 'Today' today in that most simple yet powerful style of which he was master."

JOSEPH TUMULTY, secretary to the late President Woodrow Wilson:

"In the death of Arthur Brisbane a great figure of American journalism has passed from the stage of life. During my days at the White House I had the privilege of knowing him and enjoying his friendship.

"Underlying his brilliant qualities as writer and commentator I found him a most thoughtful and generous friend.

"His many friends will regret that he has left us."

"THERE WILL BE NO TODAY, Today"

Continued from First Page

day world history. It crackled, like a high tension wire.

Arthur Brisbane had the marvelous gift of profound thought and simple writing; "profound simplicity" it might be called.

Once in a long while, for one reason or another, Today would not come in on the wire at the usual hour and Universal Service would message all editors:

"There will be no Today today."

* * *

Because Arthur Brisbane is dead there will be no Today today, yet Today will live as long as good newspapermen remember.

New England knew Mr. Brisbane through the columns of the Boston Evening American and the Boston Sunday Advertiser which printed his Today and his brilliant editorials from the time they first appeared in the Hearst newspapers. His Boston following of daily readers was one of the largest in the East and it included here, as it did elsewhere, men and women from every walk of life: College presidents, industrialists, contemporary editors, clerks and shop girls—because what he wrote all could understand and nearly all appreciate.

Mr. Brisbane's leading editorial was always a feature of the Boston Sunday Advertiser and as usual it came over the wire in advance this week—an editorial for tomorrow, welcoming the New Year in his inimitable, vigorous style, crammed with his fine optimism and his good advice.

Because it is beautifully appropriate, it is permissible to quote in advance from that editorial which will appear in full tomorrow—only its two last paragraphs which are, perhaps, the last words Arthur Brisbane wrote for these papers. They are:

"The children find happiness in looking ahead; the world and the future are theirs.

"The old may find happiness in the knowledge that their work is done, or nearly done, and that release is close at hand."

Having written that, Arthur Brisbane died in his sleep on Christmas morning, his work well done.

"There will be no Today today . . ."

NEW DISCOVERY FOR HEAD COLDS

No Aspirin
No Quinine
No Laxative
No Narcotics

THIS amazing new scientific discovery for head-colds called CLEAR-AGAIN is the result of years of research. CLEAR-AGAIN contains no aspirin, no quinine, no laxative, no narcotics. It is based on an entirely new theory. If CLEAR-AGAIN fails to relieve your headcold within 3 hours, your money will be cheerfully refunded. CLEAR-AGAIN Tablets are for sale at all druggists. 25c the box. Don't wait—get it at the start. Stop that head-cold now before it stops you.

25¢

CLEAR-AGAIN

Consult Business Directory of New England Telephone Co. for upon immediate requirements for

Warehouse Service

In Household Goods, etc. Storage, Packing & Moving Supplied by

Boston Storage Warehouse

Huntington Ave. at Fourth St., Westland & Massachusetts Aves.

CHIANG-CHANG DRAMA ENDS: ALL HAPPY

Nanking, Dec. 26 (INS)—National rejoicing for Premier Chiang Kai-Shek, exile for young Marshal Chang Hsueh-Liang, and more anti-Communistic pressure from Japan —these were the results today as the premier, liberated from two weeks' captivity, and his captor, Chang, arrived by airplanes in Nanking.

Generalissimo Chiang's release was unconditional, according to an official Nanking government statement.

EXILE FOR CHANG

Exile apparently is to be the only punishment of the perpetrator of one of history's most amazing kidnapings—and probably even the exile will be only temporary.

If any ransom was paid by the American-educated Mme. Chiang, member of one of the richest families in China, the payment was kept a closely-guarded secret.

A special meeting of the Nanking executive council was called to consider measures to be taken against rebel armies in the west, and to expedite Chang's departure.

"ALL A MISTAKE"

Premier Chiang's first action after his liberation, however, was to order hostilities against Chang's rebels to cease.

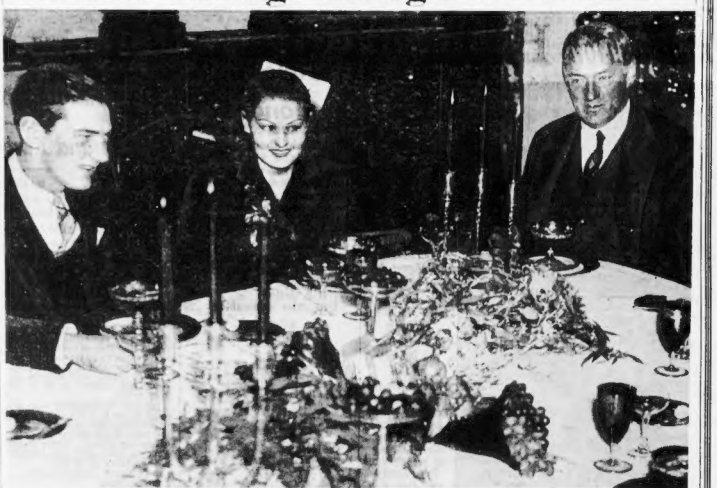
Marshal Chang's "explanation" of the amazing kidnaping that startled the world was:

"It was all a mistake.

"The misunderstanding has now been cleared up."

Chang said he thought Premier Chiang intended to disband his troops, so Chang "detained" the premier-dictator for self-protection.

Santa Brings Daughter-in-Law



(Picture from International News Photograph Service)

PAUL CURLEY MRS. PAUL CURLEY GOVERNOR CURLEY

Paul Curley and his bride arrived by plane from New York after being married on Christmas Eve, and hurried to the home of the bridegroom's father, Governor Curley, to receive his blessing. The happy couple arrived just in time to join the State's Chief Executive at Christmas dinner in his Jamaicaway home, above.

GIRL SAVES FLIER

Passenger Dies in Plunge

St. Louis, Dec. 26 (AP)—Tragedy was matched by the heroism of a young girl as a biplane struck a tree and plunged into the Meramec river late Christmas day, killing McCoy Sanders, 28-year-old passenger.

The pilot, Al Constance, suffered serious injuries, was pulled from the half-submerged passenger cabin by Miss Odessa La Fevre, 23-year-old beauty parlor operator, after jumping off the home which was sailing along the shore of the river.

Miss La Fevre was riding with her father when the plane swooped down, missed a bridge and rammed a large tree.

Miss La Fevre kicked off one boot, plunged into the icy water. She reached Constance, unfastened a safety belt which encircled the pilot and swam ashore with him.

She returned to the rapidly sinking ship to search for other occupants, but gave up, thinking there had been only one occupant.

Sanders had become entangled in a tangled mass of wire and fabric under the plane. His body was recovered an hour later.

The officials finally got together, and gave the boys a lengthy discourse on the danger of imitating criminals, even in play, and wound up by giving the boys the money they sought only after securing their promises to abandon such games in the future.

9-YEAR-OLDS STAGE HOLDUP

Holyoke, Dec. 26—City Clerk John F. Sheehan revealed that he and nearly all the other municipal officials in the City Hall were "held up" by two nine-year-old boys, armed with toy pistols, to get money to attend the movies.

Sheehan said that the boys entered each office, aimed the toy guns at the officials and said: "Stick 'em up," in the approved gangster fashion.

WELCOME TO BRIDE

Gov. Curley Greets Son's Wife

Governor Curley's lovely new daughter-in-law, the former Miss Marie Phillips of New York, has definitely given up her stage career and will settle down here in Boston to make a happy home for her husband, Paul G. Curley, she asserted today.

She was warmly welcomed to the city by the governor and by other members of the Curley family.

George Curley, youngest son of the governor, met Paul and his bride at the Boston airport, as they arrived by plane from New York, where they were married Christmas evening.

SURPRISE WEDDING

The ceremony, which came as a surprise to most of the bridegroom's friends and relatives, was performed by Reverend Joseph A. McCaffrey of Holy Cross Church, New York. Leo Curley, Paul's brother, acted as best man.

Paul hinted today that his father, the governor, had an inkling that the wedding was to take place.

He had told his father of his romance, he said, and had indicated that he planned to marry Miss Phillips as soon as he had a job and an income of his own.

TO HUNT HOME

He left Georgetown University to accept a position in Boston as radio announcer. He is 22 years old.

The new Mrs. Curley won New York fame for herself as a dancer, using the stage name Lillian Dulval. She is a native of the South, daughter of Mrs. Drew S. Phillips of Nunez, Ga.

Paul and his wife were still guests today in Governor Curley's Jamaicaway home. They said, however, that they planned to go house hunting immediately.

The bride, a striking brunette, has been one of New York's reigning beauties.

21 Vermont Wreck Victims Recover

Roxbury, Vt., Dec. 26—Twenty-one persons who suffered minor injuries here when a northbound Central Vermont passenger train carrying 75 passengers collided with a light engine, were recovered today.

M. Edward Barnes, railroad superintendent of Vermont and Canada, said the engine was standing on the main line after assisting a freight train, and that both engines were badly damaged.

Missing Professor Victim of Accident

Kingston, R. I., Dec. 26 (AP)—Professor Arnold Hinrichs, 39, of the economics department at Rhode Island State College, who had been unheard from since he left his Washington hotel last Tuesday, accidental death at Hutchinson, Minn., on Tuesday, according to telegrams received today by his wife and by George E. Adams.

An extensive search was instituted for him after he failed to return home for Christmas.

Dean Adams said the telegram did not specify just how Professor Hinrichs had met his death.

Rare Moon Eclipse Due Tomorrow

Philadelphia, Dec. 26 (AP)—The moon will enter the penumbral shadow of the earth tomorrow at 10:52 p. m., resulting in an apparent or umbra eclipse of the moon, Franklin Institute said today.

This partial eclipse of the moon occurs only about 12 times in a century, the institute said.

The moon, in an ordinary eclipse, enters the umbra or black shadow of the earth, making it invisible to observers in the dim light of the penumbral shadow, provided the weather is clear.

Murdock, B. C. Grid Aide, Leaves Bed

Frank Murdock, freshman football coach at Boston College, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident with Gil Doble early this month, was "up and around" at City Hospital today. Doble, head coach at the college, was at home today, after being released on Christmas Eve following a three weeks' siege at the hospital.

Etienne Clementel Dies

Riom, France, Dec. 26 (AP)—Etienne Clementel, 72, former member of several French cabinets, died today. He was a veteran French political leader who was Minister of Labor in the Clemenceau cabinet and later Minister of Finance in the Herriot cabinet.

331 Meet Violent Death Over Holiday

By The Associated Press

Chicago, Dec. 26—Violent deaths by the hundreds turned Christmas safety to sorrow in virtually all sections of the nation.

Traffic accidents were responsible for a huge share of at least 331 deaths on Christmas Eve and Christmas day.

More than two score persons died by fire, drowning, falls, gunshot, stabbing, airplane and train accidents or by other violent means.

Egan Fights Loss Of School Berth

Application for a writ of mandamus to prevent Mayor Mansfield and his recent appointee, Attorney John J. Egan, from taking their seats on the board of schoolhouse commissioners, was filed today in Suffolk Superior Court on behalf of James J. Egan, ousted commissioner.

Attorney Joseph Beyer filed the writ, returnable on January 5.

Other commissioners are Richard Lane, the school committee's appointee, and Francis R. Rangs, who Thursday was re-elected by Lane and Dunn.

Clauser, Former Ball Player, Suicide

Reading, Pa., Dec. 26 (AP)—W. Earl Clauser, 43, professional baseball player until five years ago, was found dead in his room in the Warrensville State Hospital. Coroner S. F. Glick issued a certificate of suicide.

Missing Heiress

(Picture from International News Photograph Service)

Pretty Elizabeth Butterfield, 28, heiress to a Minneapolis chain store fortune, was the object of a tremendous search today. She vanished in Cos Cob, Conn., Tuesday. She has been ill since suffering a breakdown shortly before she was to have been wed three months ago.

Samaritan Doctor Loses His Watch

Dr. Benjamin Slate of Cambridge Relief Hospital was a "good samaritan" today and because of it had his watch stolen.

He was treating a man for a lacerated lip while a friend of the patient waited in an adjoining room at the hospital.

A few minutes after both men left the hospital together, Dr. Slate discovered that his watch which had been in his coat in the waiting room was missing.

8000 Coal Miners Strike

Doncaster, York, Eng., Dec. 25 (AP)—Eight thousand workers in three coal mines struck today in sympathy with 8000 other miners who laid down their tools six weeks ago.

Jig Is Up

New York, Dec. 26 (AP)—Jimmy Maher, six, found a nickel in his Christmas stocking and spent it for carfare to the zoo.

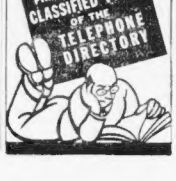
Stranded and facing a three-mile walk Jimmy "touched" a policeman who "kicked in" with a dime. That went for a soda.

Policemen were plentiful and Jimmy's desire for soda grew. Seven times his ruse succeeded. The eighth policeman insisted on taking him to the station house after handing out the dime.

Jimmy had called on the sergeant at the station house, and the jig was up. The sergeant called Jimmy's father, who came for him.

Going away?

YOU MAY NEED
HOTELS • EXPRESS
AUTO RENTING
MOVERS
RAILROADS
TAXICAB SERVICE
BUS LINES



What About *Labor* and *Business* in 1937?

Read what the leaders in the field of Industry Predict in the

1937 FORECAST

in Tomorrow's

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

Largest Newspaper Circulation in New England

There's Still Time to Win a Cash Prize!

ORDER BACK COPIES TODAY AND START AT THE BEGINNING

MOVIE TITLE and IDENTITY CONTEST

$10,000.00 in Cash Prizes!

FIRST PRIZE $5,000.00

NO ENTRY FEE TO PAY

THE RULES:

READ THEM CAREFULLY

1. The MOVIE TITLE AND IDENTITY TEST consists of a series of 72 cartoons which will appear consecutively in the Boston Evening American each week-day for twelve weeks. The first cartoon in the series appeared on Monday, October 26, and this will appear each publication day through Wednesday, January 26. Each cartoon will represent, convey or suggest the title of some motion picture now playing in or that will be shown in the near future on the screen at one of the following M. & P. Theatres.

METROPOLITAN FENWAY
PARAMOUNT MODERN
NEW SCOLLAY BEACON
WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA

2. The Boston American will pay $10,000.00 in cash awards to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named list of picture titles suggested by the cartoons and nearest correct list of three players who appear in each picture whose names to be selected from the list of players' names printed with each cartoon, and the most appropriate slogan in the opinion of the judges.

All picture titles and players will be selected from Motion Pictures produced or distributed by the following: Fox Film Corporation, Paramount Pictures Corporation and Warner Brothers Pictures Corporation.

The $10,000.00 awards are as follows:

First award	$5,000.00
Second award	1,500.00
Third award	1,000.00
Fourth award	500.00
Fifth award	300.00
Sixth award	250.00
Seventh award	150.00
Eighth award	100.00
Ninth award	75.00
Tenth award	50.00
Next 10 awards $25 ea.	250.00
Next 10 awards $10 ea.	100.00
Next 145 awards $5 ea.	725.00
175 awards	$10,000.00

3. The contest is open to any bona fide resident of New England except employes of the Boston American, theatres and motion picture companies named in this contest, and their families. It costs nothing to play this game. No Entry Fees. No Subscriptions to Get. No Money to Pay.

4. Below each picture must be written or printed the title of the motion picture and the names of three players appearing in it selected from the list of names printed with each cartoon.

5. In all 72 cartoons will be printed—one each publication day for 12 weeks. Cartoons are to be submitted only in complete groups of 72. Hold them until you have the 72. Then send or bring them to Movie Title & Identity Editor, Boston American, 5 Winthrop Square, Boston, Mass., P. O. Box 1688. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in Boston American office by midnight, Wednesday, January 27, at postmarked not later than January 27, midnight. It is understood that all those who enter the test are to become the subscribers of the Boston Evening American. Each entry must be accompanied by a movie magazine picture of not more than 100 words suitable for publishing the moving picture industry Fox-example "Movies the Nation's Favorite Recreation" or "Movies, they amuse and educate." Only ONE slogan can be submitted with each complete entry of 72 cartoons. A special blank, on which your slogan may be written, will appear on the last cartoon in the set, number 72.

6. Each entry should be sent by first class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the post office department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize and not more than one prize will be awarded to a family.

7. Answers will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate sets are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8. You need not purchase the Boston American to compete. You may copy or trace the cartoons from the originals to be found in the Boston Evening American. A complete set of pictures from the copies may be made. Copies of the Boston American may be examined at Boston American offices, or public libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the Boston American. Their decision will be final. In the event of a tie for two or more contestants for any position in the list of awards, the full amount of prizes tied for will be awarded to contestants in a tying list, and then evenly distributed among those tying.

The entry of a participant is an acknowledgment and complete acceptance of all rules governing this test, made now or at any time at the discretion of the judges.

The above M and P theatres mentioned here will carry as their screen issue and title of forthcoming production which will be used in this contest.

What Movie Title Does This Cartoon Represent?

THIS CARTOON REPRESENTS:

title of picture

Correct Title Appears in This List

Sing, Baby, Sing; Swing High, Swing Low; Exclusive; My American Wife; Sing Me A Love Song; Love Begins At Twenty; College Holiday; Reunion; The Bengal Tiger.

names of three players in it

Select Names From This List

Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, W. C. Fields, George Barbier, Patricia Ellis, James Dunn, James Melton, Hugh Herbert, Gladys George, Dolores Costello, Arline Judge, Tom Brown.

My Name

Address

BACK COPIES AVAILABLE

Back numbers of the Boston Evening American containing cartoons in the Movie Title and Identity Contest may be obtained in the circulation department at 5 Winthrop Sq., Boston, for two cents each. If sent by mail, three cents each.

Cartoon No. 53 Appears in Monday's

BOSTON AMERICAN

New England's Greatest Evening Newspaper

ADVICE on LOVE and MARRIAGE -:- By Beatrice Fairfax

Students of High School Age Do Well to Study Instead of Marry

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

One subject that will never have to be taught in our New England high schools is the gentle art of falling in love.

Students manage to do it of their own accord, and quite successfully. That is, if the number of letters I have received from them in the past month can be taken as an indication of the true state of things.

Mary at 16 is "madly, desperately, hopelessly" in love with John, 19. (The adjectives are popular ones with all young women of late. One just doesn't fall madly in love now-a-days it seems.)

Always the problem is the same: Should Mary and John leave school to marry? Haven't they as much right as anyone else to happiness?

The answer is they've every right to happiness. And that is exactly why both girls and boys should at least complete their high school courses.

Life these days is a mighty competitive thing and the one who lacks training for a particular job is bound to find himself sorely handicapped later on.

A FOOL'S PARADISE

To marry without an income, without assurance of a next meal is to journey into a fool's paradise. Few loves can stand the test of prolonged poverty or the mutual regrets that are certain to result from such a union.

And then, also, seldom does a girl of 16 know her own mind, and more seldom a boy of 19.

Consequently it is always wise to wait a few years, plan ahead, and be prepared for matrimony. It is altogether too important and enduring a thing to be entered into as one would the neighborhood motion picture house.

Stay in your high school classrooms, girls and boys! That's the best advice I can give you. And consider yourself fortunate that you've the opportunity to build for the future.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

For several years we have been very happily married until just before our baby came when I had every reason to suspect my husband. To confirm my suspicions, I discovered his former fiancee, who had just got a divorce, has come back to this city.

Of course, he denies everything, but he comes home with rouge on his clothing and other evidences. He doesn't seem interested in our dear little baby, and I can imagine nothing worse than living with someone who no longer loves you.

I don't know whether to try and keep on pleasing him as I have been doing, and ignore the rouge and other signs, or to leave him. I hate to go on account of our child, who should have a home as well as a mother and father.

Would you advise me to leave or to go to the woman and have a talk with her.

A READER.

DEAR FRIEND:

When a woman is so callous that she does not hesitate to kidnap another woman's husband, and there is a tiny baby to complete the situation, I'm afraid that vamp is past talking to, my dear girl.

Sometimes men become so obsessed with such affairs as to lose all perspective and sense of obligation. If the attack is short and violent, it's worth waiting for him to return to "normalcy."

Like you, I think every child should have a home with both parents instead of being reduced to taking chances with their parents' irresponsible love affairs.

Give your wandering boy a little more time before making the tremendous decision of breaking up your home. Meantime, the vamp who rouges up his haberdashery with her painted kisses may select another victim.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

The first time he broke a date, he was supposed to come over and spend the evening. I sat and waited and waited, but he didn't come. The next time I saw him he told me he had to work, but I knew this was not true.

However, I stood for it, because I liked him. The next time he broke a date without sending me any word, I told him it hurt, but we continued to be friends.

The third time he broke a date without explanation, I said that things couldn't go on any longer, and I haven't seen him since. Now I hardly know what to do, as I enjoy being with him more than with any other boy.

DOUBTFUL.

MY DEAR GIRL:

I think you were sensible to drop the date-breaker, unless you want to qualify for the doormat sisterhood. When boys are rude to girls continuously, and girls forget and forgive too readily, unmannerly young men take them too much for granted.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Why are things so contrary in this world? Here's our case. I'm awfully fond of a boy whom I'll call Harry, because that's not his name. He doesn't like me at all, and is real mean to me sometimes.

Harry likes my friend, Lois, but she likes another boy, Frank.

I don't like Frank at all, but he has asked me to go to the theater with him three times.

I'm awfully miserable over all this. Why can't Harry be sensible and like me? It's all mixed up.

GRACE.

DEAR GRACE:

The older you grow, my dear, the more mixed life will seem to you. Keep your head and your sense of humor, and don't let these cross currents make you miserable.

Life is something like those old-fashioned square dances, where, after a general swinging of partners, you come across your own again.

Let's hope it will be this way with you and Harry.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Prints in Fashion Headlines

YOU DON'T have to wait for tulip-time to go sprightly about your wardrobe, for fashion fixes it so that even before the longest day of winter arrives, a fresh bloom of prints is delivered to the market-places! When they are very choice, at those which have received the Fashion Congress tag of recognition most surely are, they will go sweetly with you through the winter, and then finish off under the early spring coat. Miss Leslie Blake models one of Rehamers —row after row of field-flowers on a black crepe ground. You cannot see the detail clearly, but it is intriguing —skirt tucked from the waist downward in gored lines, and much soft drapery gathered at the front of the bodice. There's a flowing, Byronic collar, and a very shiny black patent belt cut in an odd shape. The frock's around sixteen dollars. The hat is a new off-the-face with heart-shaped brim. For shopping information, phone Annice Brink, Fashion Editor, Liberty 4000, or write her at the Boston Evening American.

Bridge

Covering Honors

By JOSEPHINE CULBERTSON

The rule about covering honors is a very simple one. Cover when you thereby promote some lower card in your own hand—or when there is a possibility of promoting some card in your partner's hand.

East did not know this rule and fell very neatly into South's trap.

North, dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♢	1♡	1♠	2♣
4♠	Pass	5♣	Pass
Pass	Pass	4♠	Pass
Pass	Pass		

The last bids of West and South merit some comment. West was afraid four spades could be made. He was willing to be doubled at four hearts since he felt sure East would either make it or go down only one trick. South was afraid four hearts could be made and bid four spades on almost the same reasoning as West's.

West opened the King of clubs and South surveyed the dummy. Apparently there were two heart losers, a club, and at least one trump. The only chance was to take one round of trumps and run the diamonds. If the player with the long trump also had three or more diamonds, South would get his discard while that player ruffed.

But there was one other way of making his contract. East might be induced to make a mistake. So South won with dummy's Ace of clubs and led the Jack of spades, fully intending to play the Ace no matter what East did.

East foolishly covered with the Queen and the rest was easy. Declarer drew the last trump with dummy's ten and ran the diamonds to make twelve tricks.

East should have realized that the cover could not possibly promote a card in his own hand or in his partner's. Had he played low, he could have ruffed the second diamond and cashed a club and two hearts to defeat the contract.

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Married Comrades

By ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 183.

I DID not speak for a second or two after Junior, snuggling close to me, had said huskily that although he wanted to tell me something he had done, he didn't know just how.

The matter of the crackers carried in the pockets of their good suits was but a minor thing. I would not have given it a thought—or a reprimand—had it not involved the crass disobedience of a reasonable rule, one of the few laid down for the guidance of my young son and his cousin.

"You're surely not afraid of telling me anything?" I said.

He burrowed his head into the shelter of my shoulder with a convulsive movement, then raised it enough to permit speech.

"I'm never afraid to tell you anything, Mums," he murmured, "but sometimes I'm awful ashamed, and this is one of the times."

"It's good for us to be ashamed of ourselves once in a while," I said. "It keeps us from getting conceited. Now suppose you forget about being ashamed, and stop worrying about the best way of telling me things. Just be right in and tell me whatever is bothering you."

He gave a relieved wriggle, and his answering voice showed me equal easing of care.

"Because—because—Oh, Gee! Mums, didn't you guess where those crackers I gave Scottie must have come from?"

I did some rapid thinking in the next fraction of a second. I must not tell a falsehood to the child, and yet I was reluctant to have him construe my silence—as he might—as setting some sort of trap for him.

"I did not realize it when you first spoke of the crackers," I told him truthfully. "But, of course, it didn't take me very long to see the truth."

"Why didn't you give me the dickens right there?"

"Because," I said slowly, "it isn't a very pleasant thing for me to accuse you of deceiving me and disobeying me. I knew that if I left you to yourself, you would come and tell me the truth of our own accord.

(Continued Monday)

(Copyright, 1935, K. F. S., Inc.)

Tempting Ways to Use Holiday Left-Overs

Turkey and Fixings in New Guises

By MARTHA LEE

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year—and in some ways we certainly are glad it is only once. Not that we didn't enjoy yesterday, for we're sure you all did as much as we did.

But it is rather a strain, particularly the last few hectic days before Christmas—trying to remember to whom we've forgotten to send cards or for whom we've forgotten to buy presents; doing up the last few bundles; trimming the tree; and being sure everything is on hand for the sumptuous Christmas feast.

We've enjoyed it all, but now it's over we can settle down with just a tiny sigh of relief that life won't again be so feverish for another year. And by the time the year is almost over we'll be all ready and anxious to do it all over again.

But now Christmas is over, we must try to be a little more economical and find new and tempting ways to use up the left-overs of the big dinner. We've found some we think you'd like and are passing them on to you:

TURKEY SHORTCAKE

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk
1 cup diced cooked turkey
½ cup diced celery
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon butter
Salt and pepper

Make biscuit dough by sifting the flour, salt and baking powder together, cutting in the shortening and adding the milk. Roll out ¾ inch thickness and cut with small biscuit cutter. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) 12 minutes. While biscuits are baking, brown the celery in the two tablespoons butter. Prepare a sauce of the milk, flour, butter and salt and pepper. Add the celery and the turkey and heat together thoroughly. Break open each biscuit, put some of the turkey mixture on the lower half, put the top back on and put a spoonful of the turkey mixture over all.

HOLIDAY COTTAGE CUP CAKES

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg
1 cup sifted cake flour
1 teaspoonful baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk
1-3 cup fruit cake or plum pudding crumbs

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, beat until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and egg; beat vigorously. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, beat until smooth. Fold in cake or pudding crumbs. Pour into greased muffin tins, bake in moderate oven, 375 deg. F., for 20 minutes. Serve with custard sauce.

FRUIT CAKE WITH WINE SAUCE

1½ tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup hot water
Grated rind and juice 1 lemon
½ cup red wine or sherry
1 tablespoon butter
Sliced fruit cake

Combine cornstarch, sugar and salt, add water, stirring constantly. Add lemon rind and juice, cook until thickened. Add wine and butter, heat thoroughly. Pour over sliced fruit cake. Cake may be steamed in top of double boiler.

Tomorrow's Menu

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Waffles Butter
Maple Syrup
Coffee Milk

DINNER
Pot Roast of Beef Potatoes
Carrots Onions
Bread and Butter
Vanilla Ice Cream with Preserves
Coffee

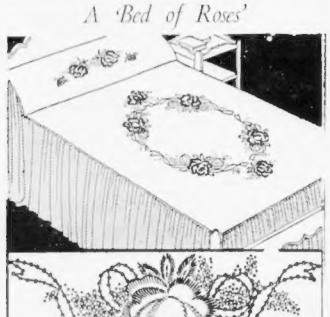
SUPPER
Creamed Tuna Fish on Toast
Lettuce with Russian Dressing
Bread and Butter
Coconut Cake
Tea Milk

I Always Say:—
(Sez Gracie Allen)

THAT it's all in the way you look at things. For instance, when my brother's three wives found out about each other, were they sore because he was a bigamist? No—they were tickled to death because there were three of them to support him.

Laura Wheeler

'A Bed of Roses'



BEDSPREAD MOTIFS PATTERN 1352

"RING-AROUND-A-ROSIE"—A spread full of posies—and all so enchantingly simple, so quick to do, you'll soon have a new cover for your bed.

Such easy stitches as single stitch, French knots and lazy-daisy speed its making.

Pattern 1352 contains a transfer pattern of four motifs 4½ x 12½ inches, two and two reverse motifs 4½ x 8 inches and two and two reverse motifs 2½ x 2½ inches; color schemes; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Boston Evening American, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth avenue, New York, N. Y. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

"Your Figure, Madame!"

POST-CHRISTMAS PERIOD IS MOST DIFFICULT TIME FOR CALORIE DODGER

By IDA JEAN KAIN

Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

SO, NOW you want to wait until New Year's to go back to dieting? This week between Christmas and 1937 is the most precarious one of your entire figure program, for it's as easy as pie to unmake your nice, slim figure.

Of course, it is a temptation to put off your struggle with curves and calories, but if you postpone your dieting for a week it will be as hard as starting at the beginning.

You see, a week's indulgence in rich, heavy foods not only breaks down resistance but the physical effects are a stretched tummy and a growing appetite. The more you eat, the more you want to eat. The slightest dietetic surplus on top of all those Christmas calories will surely turn your weight trend in the direction of avoirdupois.

Post-Christmas holidays are the most difficult of all for the calorie dodger. With the ice box tantalizingly full of delicious leftovers, the pantry crammed with nuts and cookies and a five-pound box of candy at your elbow—no wonder your will-power skids!

The Fruit Regime is an anchor slimward, and now if ever is the time to use it. Those of you who are strong-minded enough to go right back on the Fruit Regime today are the ones who will be beautifully slim in the spring. There isn't anything easy about it, and whether or not it is worth while is a question only you can answer—but the rewards are improved health and a good figure.

Here is a nice exercise to ease you back into your routine.

Position: Arms above head—reach for the stars. Stand with feet slightly apart for balance.

Movement: Stretch upward with every inch. Now, holding this stretch, bend to the right sideways at the waist, and touch fingers to the floor at the side of the right foot. Reverse. Repeat 20 times, alternating sides and stretching continually. Keep the lower tummy muscles drawn in and up and pull yourself apart at the waist. There, don't you feel better?

Now, swing right into the set of "General Exercises."

Those of you who have dallied along with your reducing will have a chance to start fresh with the 1937 figure program.

SUGGESTED FRUIT AND VEGETABLE REGIME

BREAKFAST
Orange Juice, 1 Glass
Canned Apricots
(3 Halves, With Juice)
Coffee, Clear
10 A. M.
Apple
LUNCHEON
Tomato Bouillon
Celery & Carrot Sticks
Spinach, with vinegar
Fresh Fruit salad
(Reducer's Mayonnaise)
3 P. M.
Tea, 1 Lump Sugar
(Nary a cookie)
DINNER
String Beans, Beets
Carrots
Chopped Vegetable Salad
(vinegar)
Two Fresh Fruits
Coffee, Clear

Home Institute

Art of Conversation

LAURA charms men and women alike because her artful conversation puts them at ease.

She keeps eyes and ears open for fascinating things to talk about.

By describing people she sees, noting snatches of conversation she overhears, she makes it jaunt to town for a spool of thread sound more amusing than Mrs. Bora's trip to California.

But the real secret of Laura's success as a conversationalist is her knack for getting other people to talk.

If Mrs. Timid looks forlorn Laura steers her towards Mrs. Sizzling. "You two have a lot in common in your boys," she says. "Mrs. Talkative's experience in choosing a school for her son may help you decide where to send James."

If the conversation lags Laura puts the ball rolling again with "Mr. Smith, I hear you're a movie fan. Have you seen any good pictures lately?" Or, "Gladys, you're always up on the styles. What's in in clothes?"

Be frankly fishes to find people's interests. "Are you fond of winter sports?" she may use as bait. She makes a newcomer feel he's part of the group by asking his advice. "We're going South this winter. Do you know of interesting places to stop?"

We all must talk. Why not learn, as Laura did, to talk charmingly. Our 40-page booklet, IMPROVING YOUR CONVERSATION, tells where to find fascinating things to say, how to say them. How to develop a lovely speaking voice, widen vocabulary, and lead the conversation in large as well as intimate groups.

Send 15c for our booklet, IMPROVING YOUR CONVERSATION, to Boston Evening American, Home Institute, 109 West 39th street, New York, N. Y. Write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, and the NAME of booklet.

Betty Alden on 'Beacon Hill'

Nancy Ames Becomes Bride Of Army Officer

By BETTY ALDEN

ROY WHEATON COLE, JR.'S biggest Christmas present wasn't gift wrapped . . . but was all done up in fluffy lace and tulle . . . and instead of finding her under the Christmas tree, he met her at the altar and slipped a platinum circlet on her finger . . .

The bride was Nancy Ames, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Ames of Milton . . . and the wedding took place at noon yesterday under a bower of Christmas greens and mistletoe . . . in the drawing room of the Ames' home . . .

DOROTHY MacAUSLAND

Nancy wore her great-grandmother's lace veil over her ivory satin gown which was trimmed with rose point lace . . . She carried an arm bouquet of Joanna Hill roses and lilies of the valley . . .

Molly Ayer, one of Nancy's sister debs last winter, was maid of honor and wore a frock of gold lame made on princess lines, with a bouquet of talisman roses . . .

Seven of Nancy's intimate friends formed an aisle through which she and her bridegroom walked . . . They all blended right in with the holiday spirit, too, in their gowns of Christmasy red velvet with armsful of talisman roses and white chrysanthemums . . .

They were the Misses Caroline Pierce, Dorothy MacAusland, Frances Lowell, Charlotte Young, Alloe Plimpton, Janice Cole, sister of the bridegroom, and Rosamond Pier . . .

Mrs. Ames wore a gown of wine red velvet as she presided over the small gathering of families and intimate friends who arrived to shower their blessings on the newlyweds . . .

After the wedding breakfast, Nancy and her new husband stayed on to have turkey with the family and then left by a late afternoon train for a short honeymoon in the South . . . their ultimate destination is Fort Bliss, Texas, where Lieutenant Cole is stationed with the Eighth Cavalry . . .

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wheaton Cole, Jr., of Little Compton, R. I. . . . Nancy is a member of the Junior League and Vincent Club and graduated from Beaver Country Day in 1935 . . .

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nelson of Chestnut Hill enjoyed winter sports and outdoor life with their Christmas . . . emulating the setting of their debutante daughter Emily's holiday, which was spent in far-off Switzerland . . . Emily went abroad in the fall, soon after she made her debut and is having a winter sports fan'd dream of a vacation . . . in the Swiss Alps . . .

* * *

Danforth-Wellington Ceremony

MISS NANCY WELLINGTON, another of last year's debs who has chosen the Christmas season for her marriage, becomes the bride this afternoon of Nicholas W. Danforth, son of Mrs. George Danforth of New York . . .

The wedding, a small, informal candlelight ceremony, takes place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Wellington on Beacon Hill . . .

The wedding is very much of a family affair . . . with cousins of the bride surrounding her in the all important roles of clergyman, bridesmaid and flower girls . . . Rev. Palfrey Perkins, who is Nancy's cousin through his wife, the former Linda Wellington, is performing the ceremony . . . and Louise Ratney, Nancy's first cousin and companion through all her debutante festivities, is the maid of honor . . .

As a soft, harmonious contrast to Nancy's bridal satin and tulle, Louise is wearing a frock of silvery blue taffeta with a coronet of matching material in her hair and a feathery bouquet of yellow acacia and roses . . .

The two little flower girls, also cousins, are Cornelia Perkins, daughter of the Rev. Perkins, and Linda Cabot, daughter of the Thomas A. Cabots of Boston. They are dressed in frocks similar to Miss Ratney's, with nosegays of yellow rosebuds . . .

George H. Darrell of New York is serving as best man and . . . Alfred Peabody is taking charge of the informal ushering . . .

Mrs. Wellington and Mrs. Danforth are assisting in receiving the guests, gowned in sapphire blue and gray with touches of orchid, respectively . . .

Following a wedding trip to the South, Nancy and Nick are going to live on the Hill . . . The bride is a member of the Junior League and Vincent Club and her bridegroom attended Phillips Andover and graduated from Yale in 1928 . . . He is a member of the St. Nicholas Society of New York and the Yale Club . . .

* * *

Socialites to Attend Premiere

THERE WILL BE an opportunity for that dreaded let down feeling that usually follows the holiday . . . for the Theater Guild is filling in the customary lull in social activities by presenting Katharine Hepburn in "Jane Eyre" at the Colonial Monday evening . . .

A great many socialites have already subscribed for the opening . . . Among them Mr. and Mrs. George P. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dickinson Peabody, who will have had their niece, the former Greta Erikson, and her bridegroom as their guests over the holiday, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew N. Winslow, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Endicott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stuart Forbes, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Nickerson and Mrs. W. Rodman Peabody . . .

Emmanuel Seniors Sponsor Program

EMMANUEL COLLEGE seniors are preparing for the appearance of the Evelyn Davis group of interpretative dancers next Wednesday evening for the aid of the college building fund.

Evelyn Davis, Varsity of Jessica Plain is leader of the group of collegians which also includes Isabel Maguire, of Somerville; Mary Parrell and Katherine Barry, of Cambridge.

Members of the senior class will usher and sell candy at the fete. They are Ruth Grandison, of Charlestown; Anne Nobel, of Weston; Marjorie Nyham, of Brookline; Mary Dunn, of Dorchester, and Mary Sullivan, of Jamaica Plain.

More members of the class of 1937 co-operating are Alice Kennealy, of Belmont; Ruth Henderson, of Hudson; Elizabeth Bolton, of Forest Hills, and Margaret Logue of West Roxbury.

A representative group of Boston folk are lending their support by serving as patrons.

MILTON Girl Bride of Army Officer

Lieutenant and Mrs. Roy Wheaton Cole, Jr., as they were married at the Milton home of the bride's parents. The bride, Nancy Ames, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Ames of Hillside road, Milton

Photo from International News Photograph Service

The bridegroom is an officer at Fort Bliss, Texas, where he is connected with the Eighth United States Cavalry. The bride cut the wedding cake with a sword carried by her husband during the ceremony.

Listen, World! -:- By Elsie Robinson

Elsie Robinson

That queer, neurotic woman Hal has married—strange that a handsome, kindly, big fellow like that should tie up with such a cowardish whiner!

That rude sort of slighting engaged to what possesses a lovely, talented person like Ellen to waste her life on an ill-natured loafer?

Tragic circumstances like these—you've seen them scores of times. Pitiful, friendly people throwing their lives away on sour weaklings. Gallant gentlemen and ladies dragged into the gutter by jealous naggers, vulgar bullies. Great intellectuals befuddled by brazen cheats.

But why? Why should any big person permit such degradation? Or submit to such trickery?

Ask Bill and Eden and they'll give you answer really. It's because they're so sorry for them. Because "they simply don't understand them." All-trusting martyred eyes, they'll quote the old motto —"noblesse oblige."

EGOTISM TO BLAME

But that isn't the real reason why big, fine people endure little, worthless ones. The real reason is that which underlies so much of our mortal tragedy—EGOTISM. Big fine people endure little, weak, silly, cheap people because it flatters their conceit.

An equal or a superior person is always a challenge. It takes some thinking to live up to the standards of a great spirit. And frequently a fine friend, quite unconsciously makes us feel like pretty poor, pale very tinseas.

But we can always feel larger by comparison with a smaller soul. Nothing flatters a brave man like a coward—or a wise man like a fool. And the wise man is always so sure that the fool can't get the best of him! Complacently he listens to the fools' idle ramblings, petty tantrums or two-by-four terrors . . . thanking heaven, meanwhile, for his own superior brain and backbone. And all the time the despised fool is taking him for a ride!

Strange that even in the strongest natures, vanity should work such havoc, yet it does. Study the life of almost any great man or woman, and you'll find a circle of flattering parasites, scheming "yes men," who slowly, but surely, pull him down to their own level.

Egotism — that's one reason why big people are undone by little ones. **Cowardice**—there's another.

Jim comes down to the office, pasty-faced, after a dissipated night. The wife's been on another tantrum. Jealous again!

Alice crouches in a darkened room—a sobbing, shuddering wreck. Fred's been on another drinking bout. Raised Cain as usual.

But why do they stand it? Jim's a brainy chap—one of the city's leading attorneys, and a stubborn battler. Alice has made a great record in her own business for years, and carried her worthless husband along. Then why do they endure such outrages—allow their lives to be wasted by such worthless weaklings?

Again they have an answer—but the wrong one. "Pity," say Jim and Alice, thinking with disgusted contempt of the creatures to whom they are shackled. By any mental test, Jim's jealous wife and Alice's drunken husband would make a low rating.

OUR OWN FAULT

But often the single-track mind, with its malicious notions, has more driving power than the big, tolerant brain and generous spirit. Jim and Alice are actually afraid of these small, distorted people to whom they're bound . . . afraid of their vicious, ruthless determination.

Some day Bill and Ellen, Jim and Alice, are going to face and resist against the inevitable "final straw." When that day comes they'll be filled with indignant incrimination and recount all the humiliations they've suffered, the indignities and brutalities they've endured. And they'll honestly believe that it was all the Other Fellow's fault.

But they'll be all wrong. We, alone, are to blame if we're cheapened, tricked, insulted and abused by those whom we know to be inferiors.

Petty minds and poisonous natures are as obvious as mad dogs. If, to flatter our vanity or serve our cowardice, we endure their attacks, then we have only ourselves to thank. And we deserve the beating we inevitably get!

(This column welcomes and requests comments. Letters presenting personal problems may also be sent. All letters will be handled confidentially and answered promptly if stamped, addressed envelopes are included.)

Give Your Hair New Lustre, Loveliness

By DONNA GRACE

IT SEEMS one of the easiest things in the world to neglect your hair, for the simple treatment necessary to keep it soft and lovely steals time from the bedtime hours, when you have the least to give.

If healthy, the hair resists neglect with an inspiring sense of strength, so that it is some time before you realize the damage done, and have fallen into the habit of omitting an extra massage, a shampoo, or the regular brushing. The skin responds to treatments in a very satisfactory way, and it will also show when it has been neglected.

The hair reacts in the same way, but we are inclined to give it less attention than the skin.

There is not much regularity in our brushing or oil treatments. This is partly due to our wave and hairdress. No one wants to brush what is becoming and load wave just to tone up the hair, but the hair must have its time for brushing and exercise.

The best time for these thorough treatments is the day or so before your hair is to be set. If you have a regular time each week for a shampoo and wave, then you can easily have a day or two days of each week when you will give the hair a good tonic treatment. Whether it is dry or oily hair, it will be improved and stimulated by a good brushing.

Brushing will cleanse the hair as it does remove the dust and gives it a real polish or sheen that all nice hair should have.

Keeping the hair healthy does not call for the expenditure of much money, but it will take some time. The time you spend is a good sensible hair treatment is the best insurance against weak and falling hair.

If you have not been doing right by your hair, why not begin the new year and give it the care needed? You will be delighted with how lovely you can make your hair with a little extra attention.

I will be glad to send you my Dry Shampoo for Oily Hair Leaflet if you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply and address Donna Grace, Boston Evening American.

Club Calendar

SATURDAY

8:00 p. m.—Junior Women's Club of West Roxbury, in Highland Hall, semi-formal Christmas dance.

Junior Fortnightly Club of Winchester, in Waterfield Hall, cabaret party.

"I secured a child to board two days after my ad appeared in the Boston American. I will certainly use the American again whenever the occasion arises," says Mrs. M. Webber of Medford.

Miss Bradley Announces Betrothal

NOTABLE among the holiday engagements is the announcement by Mrs. Kenneth Moller of Milton of the engagement of her daughter, Margaret Bradley, to John Sherman of Cleveland, Ohio, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Sherman.

Miss Bradley, who is a member of both the Vincent Club and the Junior League, studied at St. Timothy's in Catonsville, and graduated from Vassar College with the class of 1936.

Mr. Sherman prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy and graduated from Yale in 1931 and from the Yale Law School in 1936. No wedding plans have been announced.

Entertain At Dinner For Drive

Mrs. Charla Francis Adams and Mrs. Louis A. Frothingham head the list of hostesses who are planning to entertain groups of friends at the annual community dinner, to be held at the Copley-Plaza, on Tuesday evening, January 5, to lead off Greater Boston's 1937 Community Fund Campaign.

Mr. Adams, president of the Community Federation of Boston, will have a place of honor at the head table. Another table will be taken by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Bell and Mr. and Mrs. S. Huntington Wolcott of Milton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Wendell Endicott of Dedham, and Mr. and Mrs. William C. Cox will make up a table party.

Others who have reserved tables . . . and Mrs. Edwin S. Webster of Chestnut Hill, Mr. and Mrs. James Parker 2nd (Isabel Lawrence), Dr. and Mrs. Charles S. Butler, Mrs. Augustine B. Conant, Mrs. Herbert Hosmer, Dr. and Mrs. George H. Wright, Miss Grace Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Otto F. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. S. Lowell, Miss Katherine French, Clifford P. Warren, Miss Louise M. Coleman, Mrs. John Lowell, Samuel H. Fessenden and Henry S. Howe.

Health

Infant Needs Discipline Early

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

WITHIN the past quarter of a century the care of the infant has been radically changed from the methods used by our grandparents.

Our ancestors were great believers in the strict discipline of youngsters, but I doubt if they gave much thought to the discipline of the infant. Today this is a subject much discussed and insisted upon by the experts.

It has always been the practice of the family doctor to prescribe a diet for the young infant. He was concerned about teething, the prevention of colic and other physical problems of infancy. Little attention was given to the problem of behavior.

Temper "tantrums" were accepted as a normal occurrence in infancy. Sometimes they were thought to be a "nervous habit." In other instances they were laid at the door of some digestive disturbance, and medication for that was prescribed.

Today infants are never accused of being "nervous." But careful attention is given to the nutrition and daily routine of the baby. If he has not obtained sufficient hours of sleep, rest and relaxation, that fact explains the unpleasant actions of the child.

MAY BE SPOILED

It is now the opinion of all baby specialists that when a child is healthy and well, a pleasant disposition follows as a matter of course. If the child cries constantly, refuses the bottle or the breast, vomits or has other unpleasant symptoms, ill health is responsible.

But too often a child resorts to crying because it has learned that by so doing it will obtain its own way. A baby is soon spoiled if given its own way and handed everything it wants.

You have observed that a baby stops crying as soon as it is picked up from the crib. But to quiet the infant this way is an unwise procedure and produces a bad habit. It is best to refrain from yielding in this matter.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send an addressed, stamped envelope with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.

Leisure to Repent

By Ursula Parrott

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

"Not at the beginning of our marriage, Gilbert, but very often recently, I've wanted to love you enough—enough—" Her words trailed off.

"You'll never love me at all, dearest, while you cling to an episode in your life that's finished. When you admit it finished, you can go on."

She said to the stars, to the darkness fragrant of jasmine: "How can one be sure of what's finished and what's not?"

Something snapped in the iron of his self-control. He said aloud: **"I've sometimes considered my restraint slightly admirable. More often I've realized it was extraordinary, at least. Now I think it's been insane. It hasn't helped you, and it's made me miserable.**

Denise, will you be my wife from now until I sail in July?"

Her "Yes" was as uncertain a word as he had ever heard her speak; and he had heard her delightful low voice utter many uncertain words. But this time he swept past its hesitation.

He was halfway across the Atlantic, on his passage home alone in July, before he was willing to admit to himself that he had failed, that he had not been able to make her forget in his arms that she did not love him.

She had said good-by, under the eyes of her family (and Felicia's eyes derisive enough), affectionately enough. She had a kind of affection for him. Sheraight miss him even. But desire him, or love him, she did not. She loved that man who'd treated her badly, and was treating Felicia badly, too, apparently—else why wasn't he taking charge of a situation growing more impossible by the hour.

He thought, **"I don't want an unwilling wife."** Yet he did want Denise, and always would.

Only Felicia went to Southampton with Denise to see Gilbert on his way. And the first thing that Felicia said, when they left the dock, was **"I want Keith to come here, Denise. You must help me about it."**

That was the first sentence that implied any intimacy exchanged between the two sisters in the fortnight since Mr. and Mrs. Rendale, with Felicia, landed in England.

An Aloof Wife

Gilbert had taken for them all a house in Sussex . . . Sussex, because Denise happened to mention visit her mother once and it was her favorite county in England. The house was high on the downs, with a view of a green plateau, sloping down to the edge of the chalk cliffs, and the sea beyond.

By a precipitous descent, one climbed down to a small curving beach between two white cliffs, for swimming. There were usually the sails of sheep-belle in the distance, and always the air was clear as light, cool as fresh water.

Denise and Gilbert were settled there by the time her people arrived. She told him more than once: "Mother and Father are going to be happy here. It's such a lovely place." But whether she was happy there, or thought she should be, she did not say. She said very little to him nowadays of her thoughts or her emotions.

The days between her people's arrival and his sailing, Gilbert realized, were difficult for one who had no more talent for pretense than she. She was obliged to give an imitation of a radiantly happy young wife, and at the same time, of an affectionate sister.

Fortunately, her parents took the radiantly happy, young wife completely for granted. Felicia, he could tell, had extreme doubts. But he hoped Felicia was sufficiently puzzled by Denise's attitude to herself to have little leisure to speculate on precisely what lay behind her attitude to her husband.

Well, Denise was alternately aloof to him and apologetic for that aloofness, which was worse. She was solicitous about Felicia (who still looked fragile enough for the wind over the downs to blow away), and whose beauty was dimmed a little), but she punctuated that solicitude with moods of sharp, unreasonable antagonism, unreasonable because of the triviality of the occasions which precipitated it. Felicia's least casual expression of opinion seemed sufficient.

In those days he had one long conversation with Michael Rendale and his wife. They had asked his advice about Felicia, as to her severe reality their son. And he was grew fonder of his parents-in-law every hour he spent with them, but considered them a little too gentle to cope with modernity, did not know what to tell them.

The Rendale family were determined that Eustace divorce Felicia. He refused. Therefore they'd take the way the big salary which had always been given him for his entirely inconsequential work on the various family businesses. They were so bitter that they were even indiscreet, and stated with considerable publicity that not one penny more of their money would ever go to "that woman."

Eustace came to his parents-in-law and said two sentences:

"If Felicia wants a divorce, have her let me know . . ."

"If Felicia wants me back next week or next month or ever, I'll come back." And he took his departure, to spend the summer with his friends near Santa Fe, the Rendales thought.

Keith Sheldie, Jr., as far as they knew, never communicated with Felicia at all. Nor did they question her about him, or about her feelings toward Eustace.

"Sara Rendale told Gilbert: "She has been so ill, and still isn't strong. We haven't wished to trouble her. Besides, I doubt that we should have, in any case. If she wants to talk, to us, she will."

Felicia clearly did not want to talk to anyone, about anything more serious than clothes, weather, the kind of crossing they'd had, the scenery of Sussex. Gilbert thought she lived in a kind of suspense, as if she were listening in time, while she waited for something.

Watchfully, Felicia's clear hazel eyes rested upon Gilbert, as if she guessed his estimate of her well enough. These eyes were as beautiful as ever, though her young face was grown haggard. They moved sometimes from him to Denise. Always then, Denise went toward him, made some small affectionate gesture or addressed him in a warm voice; but only, he knew, just so that Felicia should not guess anything.

There was a terrace outside the dining-room, overlooking a small very English garden, where they all sat having coffee after dinner. On the night before his sailing, they were sitting there when Felicia suggested she go up to London, with him, and Denise in the morning, and go to the boat later—"so that Denise won't have to come home alone."

Gilbert noticed that Felicia's parents looked approving. They believed she made the suggestion so that she could be with her sister, and comfort her for her natural loneliness after his boat sailed. He doubted that loneliness. He thought Denise would be relieved at his departure, and he didn't believe Felicia cared about being comforting, in any case. He wondered what she was waiting for!

As a matter of fact, she was waiting for his departure with a dreadful urgency rising in her, while she kept her speech as light, her manner as nonchalant, as ever in her life. The urgency began the day in the hospital when they finally unwrapped the bandages from her face, and gave her a mirror. That happened also to be the first day on which her head injury caused her no pain at all, so that she could think without feeling that her thoughts were blurred with pain, and hysterical.

Her New Face

She had had the attention of the best facial surgeon in New York, called in by the physician who treated her skull injury. And he paid for by whom she did not know, except that her mother had said: **"You owe nothing. Everything's taken care of."** So she supposed it was Gilbert. The incurred voices had been completely reassuring. **"They do such wonderful things with faces nowadays. There won't be the slightest scar. You won't know anything ever happened."**

There was no scar. What happened to her she did not know. The surgeon to whom Gilbert had might be considered a wonderful thing. They had removed threequarters of the expression from her face.

"A little temporary stiffness, naturally," everyone told her.

The day was two months past. She could not notice the slightest improvement.

Her first definite thought, after some minutes when she was nearer to despair than ever in her life, was:

"I wonder whether Keith will want to see me through. But he must; if not what else is there for me?"

She had a curious kind of realism. Though she had been "fond" of Eustace, and was still, though he resented it, to have little leisure to speculate on precisely what lay behind her attitude to her husband.

Well, Denise was alternately aloof to him and apologetic for that aloofness, which was worse. She was solicitous about Felicia (who still looked fragile enough for the wind over the downs to blow away), and whose beauty was dimmed a little), but she punctuated that solicitude with moods of sharp, unreasonable antagonism, unreasonable because of the triviality of the occasions which precipitated it. Felicia's least casual expression of opinion seemed sufficient.

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Continued Monday

The Junior Birdmen Of America

Devoted to the Interest of the Youth of the Americas in Aviation!

Today's Pilots of Models —Tomorrow's Model Pilots

By L. F. ROSS
Boston Wing Commander

A boy has died; a boy of 16, bright-eyed, alert, happy, carefree.

He was a Junior Birdman, a commander of a squadron and like thousands of other young fellows of his age, all his ambitions, all his thoughts were centered on aeronautics. He was intent on becoming a pilot, and if that was impossible, to find some other niche in this romantic field.

Then Death struck, suddenly, unexpectedly.

From Deguila, Pa., he was a member of the Pittsburgh wing) came a letter from his mother to Lawrence Shaw, national director of the Junior Birdmen.

And reading it we believe that if the Junior Birdmen organization was established for but one purpose and that purpose to enliven the last few months of this boys life and enrich the memories of his bereaving mother it would not have been established in vain.

Here is her letter:

"Dear Sir:

"You have on your records the name of George Taylor, commander of Flight Squadron 600, who has been a most enthusiastic member of the Junior Birdmen with a determined ambition to some day be an arms pilot. I am grieved beyond words to tell you that our dear son passed from this life one month ago after an operation for appendicitis.

"He has built dozens of beautiful models, some of them from original plans that flew better than those built from kits. Scarcely a house in this community where there are boys but has one or more models that he made for them.

"I feel that you are interested in learning of the happiness, however short, that your organization has given this boy and that his youngest brother, Howard, a member of his squadron, plans to carry on alone.

"It seems most appropriate that his resting place is in a lovely valley very near our local airport where most of the day planes are soaring overhead.

"It has been very hard to become reconciled to losing him when there was so much of life ahead of him, but we are trying to keep him with us in memories that are filled with pride in his ability, satisfaction with his moral life, and the hope that his first sixteen years were the happiest.

"I thank you for your contribution to his aims and ambitions.

(Signed) MRS. GEORGE M. TAYLOR."

The commander's bar is worn by the leader of a Junior Birdmen flight squadron. It is attached to the regular Junior Birdmen wingpin by two small rings.

As was narrated, Bernard Wenaman, 16, of 41 Dartmouth street, Revere, is getting a big "kick" out of letters he is receiving from other Junior Birdmen. These letters are reaching him in response to an appeal printed in the Birdmen section some days ago.

He has been bedfast since last October with rheumatism and arthritis and his step indoors is anything but a happy one. It has been made a lot more cheerful, however, since fellow members have been taking the few moments necessary to write him letters and tell him what they are doing in junior aeronautics.

One girl correspondent spelled the word "that" as "thatt," but Bernard doesn't mind if all the words are misspelled as long as he gets the letters. He's answering them, too.

JUNIOR BIRDMEN OF AMERICA
(Membership open to all boys and girls 10 to 21)

I wish to join the Junior Birdmen of America. I enclose a dime (well wrapped) for my gold wings and other membership materials.

Print name .....

Street address .....

City ..... State .....

My Age Is Now ..... (Give Your CORRECT Age)

Mail to Junior Birdmen, Boston American Wing, 100 Summer st., Boston, Mass.

BEHIND the SCENES

By ART MOGER

15 BOXES MOJUD SILK STOCKINGS. CASH. THEATRE TICKETS.
IRENE DUNNE AND MELVYN DOUGLAS.
IRENE DUNNE IS BEST IN COMEDY OR TRAGIC ROLES!
RIVOLI...ROXBURY...EMBASSY...WALTHAM...CENT. SQ. LYNN...CAPITOL...

More stars! More fun!

Today's cartoon strip takes you behind the scenes at the four premier M & P theatres where your favorite screen stars appear in their latest motion picture. Visit the Byron Theater, Roxbury, to see "Theodora Goes Wild" and "Big Parade". The Embassy Theater, Waltham, "Theodora Goes Wild" and "Pygmy Parade", Capitol Theater, Allston, "Craig's Wife," "Theodora Goes Wild," and Central Square Theatre, Cambridge, "Theodora Goes Wild" and "Straight From The Shoulder."

Write us words or lost on the above statement and send your ENTIRE week's emotions today to

Behind The Scenes Editor, Boston Evening American, 5 Winthrop square, Boston.

Weekly awards include 15 boxes of Mojud silk stockings "the stockings the screen stars wear," designed by Orry-Kelley of Hollywood, cash and theater tickets.

BARNEY GOOGLE

Regretted Absence

HOW DO YE DO, MISTOFER GOOGLE? OH--I'M DESPRIT GLAD TO SEE YOU--- HOW DID TH' CRIS'MUS PARTY COME OFF YESTIDDY--
GEE--IT WAS SWELL, LOWIZIE--THEY ALL ASKED FOR YOU AN' SNUFFY--
IF PAW WUZNT SO STUBBORN AN' CONTRARIOUS WE'D A-BEEN THERE, TOO-- A-DANCIN' TH' POSSUM TROT--
AN' TALK ABOUT REFRESHMENTS-- BOY-- OH, BWOY--
REFRASHMENTS ?? WAAL- BUS' MAH BRITCHES !! WHY DIN'T YE COME AN' GIT ME, GOOGLE ??? YE HAIN'T GOT TH' SENSE OF A JAY-BIRD---
Billy DeBeck
DEC. 26

SECRET AGENT X-9

A G-Man in a Tight Spot

HAVING LEFT BETTY, X-9 MAKES FOR THE RADIO ROOM --- HE MUST GET A MESSAGE TO THE F.B.I.
RADIO-RM
FINDING THE ROOM EMPTY, X-9 HASTENS TO SEND A MESSAGE!
AND IN WASHINGTON
HERE'S X-9'S MESSAGE- WE'VE GOT TO ACT AND ACT QUICKLY!!
ALL RIGHT, SPREAD THE NET--- YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
BUT MEANWHILE, X-9, HAVING SENT HIS MESSAGE, IS TRAPPED IN THE SHIP'S RADIO ROOM!
WHO'S IN THERE? COME OUT OR I'LL PLUG YOU!

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

Beasts of Prey

THIS IS FANG, MY PET PANTHER! HE WON'T HURT YOU NOW-- FANG FOLLOWED SPUD AND ME TO YOUR OUTPOST HERE
I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, TIM --BUT I'M GOING TO KEEP MY EYE ON HIM
I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE FANG WITH US WHEN WE GO OUT TO FIND POOR MR. UTLER'S BOY BILLY
A LION AND HIS MATE SILENTLY WATCH BOLO, THE RUNAWAY ELEPHANT PLAYFULLY SWING HIS LITTLE CAPTIVE

RED BARRY

Scotty Checker-Boards His Men

IT WAS ONE OF MY MEN ... HE'S GOT A TIP FROM "DODE" HILLER, ONE OF MY STOOL-PIGEONS, REGARDING THE WHEREABOUTS OF THOSE TWO HOODS !!
FINE- HERE'S WISHING YOU LUCK !!
SCOTTY RECEIVES AN IMPORTANT CALL AT BRADLEY BATTLE'S OFFICE ...
THE TWO GORILLAS WHO CUT THAT WINDOW CLEANERS BELT ARE CALLED "HARRY" AND "POTSY"--THEY'RE HIDING OUT IN A SHACK UP BLACK HILLS WAY !!
GOOD !! GET THREE MORE MEN AND MEET ME WHERE THE ROAD TURNS OFF NEAR THE MILL POND... START IN ABOUT AN HOUR !!
HELLO, RED ? WANT SOME ACTION ? OKAY, THEN WAIT FOR ME AT THE OLD WAREHOUSE !!

MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN

An Unseen Audience

WELL, IT'S DESERTED, THAT MEANS SHE GOT OUT ALIVE.
PLANE NOT HURT MUCH, SOFT MUD, SHE NOT GET HURT WHEN FALL.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD WAIT HERE FOR HER, MAYBE SHE'S STAYING CLOSE TO HER PLANE, BUT IF I KNOW MOLLY, SHE'S OUT EXPLORING, AND HEAVENS ONLY KNOWS WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER-- OUT THERE!
WE'D BETTER GO OUT AND SEARCH FOR HER, I WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY HUMAN BEINGS HERE? IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE, SHE MAY BE IN DANGER, SOMEHOW, I SENSE EYES--- WATCHING EYES.
AND IN THE BUSHES NEAR THE PLANE ---
Next Week—ANDY

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

In Person

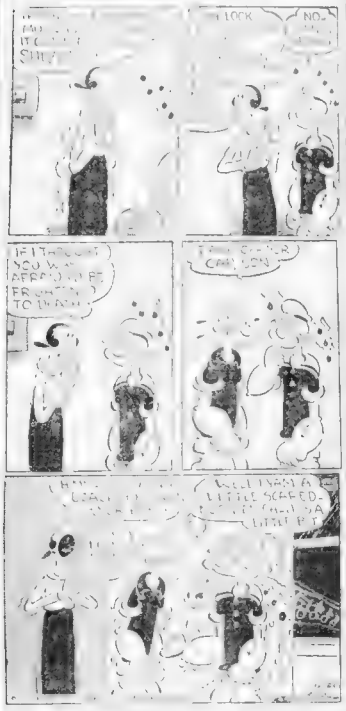
WE WILL NOW TAKE YOU TO THE STAGE OF THE COLOSSAL THEATRE— WHERE THEY OFFER THE MAMMOTH CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION ENTITLED, "THE ORPHANS CHRISTMAS"
"THE ORPHANS CHRISTMAS" A LOT OF FOOLISH TOMMYROT
FEATURING THE LITTLE STAR- MISS ANNIE ROONEY
ZERO, WHERE ARE YOU? EVERYTHING IS GROWING DARK!
IT'S HER—I RECOGNIZE THE LITTLE BOATS VOICE!!!
WHAT? ANNIE ROONEY AT THE COLOSSAL THEATRE—ARE YOU SURE?? YOU HEARD HER ON THE RADIO? WHAT WONDERFUL LUCK! MEET ME AT THE RAILWAY STATION—AT 9:20— LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME

JOE PALOOKA

"Some Fare"

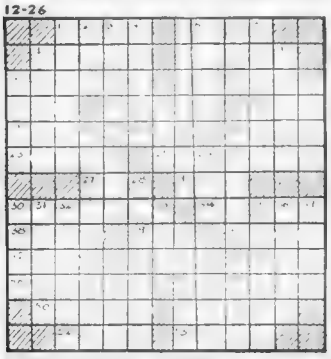
MADISON, WIS. DEC. 26TH
JOE PALOOKA IS SPEAKING BEFORE THE NATIONAL CHEESE INSTITUTE, BEING HELD AT THE WISCONSIN DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
ASIDE TO THE COMMISH OF AGRICULTURE ET AL, MOSH- WHAT AM I TO DO WITH ALL THE CHEESE YOU GENT'S BUNKS---Hom
TAXI?
UH--YES---WHEN--THANK YOU MY GOOD MAN.
WHERE TO CHIEF?
MADISON, WISCONSIN.
HOLY CATS!! WHAT A FARE THIS'LL BE!
OH HONEY, SOUL O' MY SOUL & UNREQUITED LOVE OH MY HEART! SWEET GOB!

THIMBLE THEATRE, Starring POPEYE



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE - By Eugene Sheffer

12-26



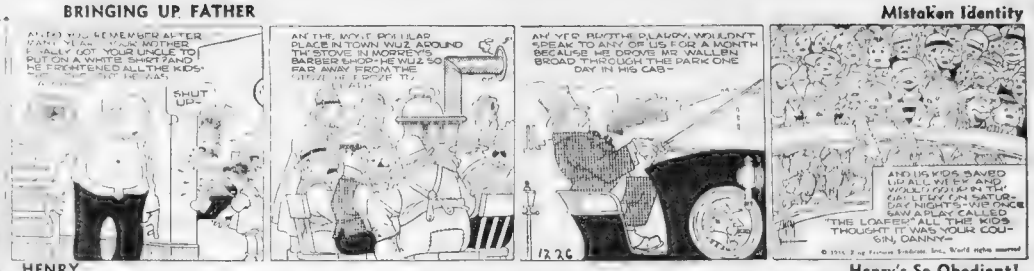
HORIZONTAL

1—Slight gust
5—Seaport of
9—Tear
for
12—Sick
13—Saw
motion
14—Height
of Israel
15—Sick
16—Yards
19—Impotent
21—To
22—Lord
of heaven
23—South
American
monkeys
25—Against
27—Force
29—Candy
tree
30—Division
of Sweden
31—Roman
34—Injured
36—Mother
of Castor
and Pollux

DAILY PUZZLE

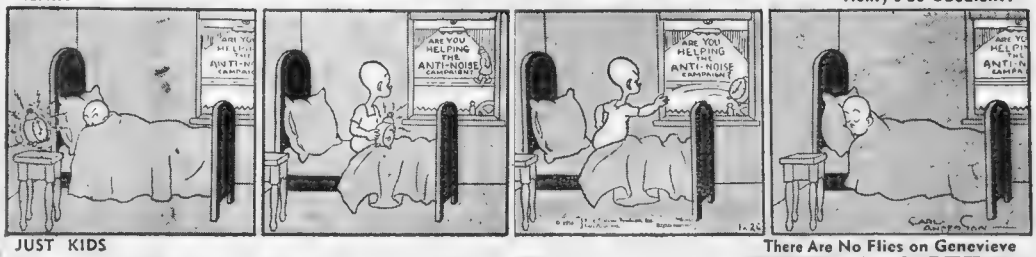
The Public Market Place
where thousands meet to
BUY SELL RENT EXCHANGE
Boston Advertiser Service
WANT ADS
To place an ad telephone Liberty 1000

BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY

Henry's So Obedient!



JUST KIDS

There Are No Flies on Genevieve

POLLY AND HER PALS

All Dressed Up and No Place to Go!

SKIPPY

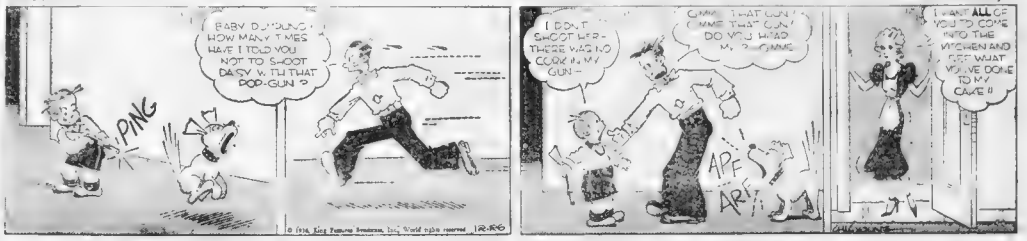
Perfect Proof

LITTLE JIMMY

A Lesson

BLONDIE

The Fall Guy



HITLER, HOLDING WORLD WAR FATE, SEEKS COLONIES

Continued from First Page

"We believe [illegible]

BUTTER OR CANNON

TROOPS HELD READY

League of Nations mandates, and Germany is not a member of the League.

A reported German deal with Portugal for a portion of Angola is said to involve German military support of Portugal on the Iberian Peninsula, particularly because Portugal is anxious lest Soviet power become established in Spain.

France Using "Cut-Price Plan" to Stop Hitler

By the Associated Press

Colonies Hitler's Price for Peace in Europe

Madrid Reds, in Surprise Air Raid, Kill 17

MAY GET COLONY

HINT FRENCH OFFERS

E. C. GREINER
NEW AYER
MANAGER

E. CRAIG GREINER

Becomes Boston Branch Head

Fat, Thin Bandits Rob Malden Man

WALLY REPLIES TO, FORGIVES BISHOPS

Continued from First Page

ing on and immorality flung at him by high ecclesiastics of the Church of England. She defended him from the charge he lacks Christian virtues, and pointed to his desire to marry her at cost of his throne as evidence of not only moral but religious virtue.

Regarding accusations made by certain ecclesiastics that Edward is irreligious, Mrs. Simpson feels that if religion can be considered in terms of human kindness and love for his fellow men and a desire to see the suffering of the poor and distressed relieved, Edward cannot justifiably be accused of being irreligious.

Mrs. Simpson feels further that if those who have criticized Edward for lack of Christian virtues really knew the man himself, there would be no doubt in their minds as to his Christian virtues.

Regarding insinuations Edward was immoral and flouted virtues which are considered to form the moral basis of modern society—sanctity of the home—Mrs. Simpson feels that Edward's desire to marry her and to sacrifice the throne of England to do so was in itself not only a moral but a religious act.

In the conviction that those who have criticized Edward do not know the man, Mrs. Simpson authorized International News Service to say that she forgives them and bears them no ill will.

Queen Mary Thanks Duke for English Church Visit

By ALFRED TYRNAUER

International News Service Staff Correspondent

[illegible], Dec. 26.—Thanks with all my heart [illegible]

U. S. Transport Floated

Ernest Simpson's Wild Devotion Proves Distracting to His Wife

(Herewith Adela Rogers St. Johns, famous author, continues her fascinating life story of Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson. In preparing this story, Mrs. St. Johns has had the active cooperation and cell help of members of Mrs. Simpson's family, and she has been given access to authentic information available to no one else.)

By ADELA RORGERS ST. JOHNS

CHAPTER XV

Five years lie between the time that Wallis Simpson was first presented to the Prince of Wales and the time that same Prince, who had become King, notified the British government that he wished to marry her.

[illegible] Edward VIII [illegible] between his throne and the woman he loved the most [illegible]

What happened in those five [illegible]

Love at Sight

The one thing nobody ever imagined was that the Prince of Wales, idol of the whole world, would fall madly in love and give up his throne for a woman.

So we come to the first meeting between these two people who were to change the succession of the British throne, to rock an empire, to love each other so much that the world had to stand still, breathless, before that love.

This camera portrait of Mrs. Wallis Simpson, made by Cecil Beaton, noted English artist and photographer, shows the woman whose love cost a throne and caused an empire to totter on the very day the "bombshell" surrounding her broke December 2 in London. The portrait is one of six brought by Mr. Beaton to the United States for an exhibition of his art at the Carroll Carstairs Gallery in New York, January 1.

Yet it was by the merest chance that Wallis Simpson [illegible]

I don't really care much about being presented. It's such a lot of trouble and expense. We don't really belong in that sort of circle and I don't quite see that it matters whether I'm ever presented or not.

Too Much Love

A Cold Woman

She didn't and never had loved him as he wanted her to love him. In the beginning she had been honest with him on that score. Had told him frankly that she had never loved any man and never expected to, as he understood love. That she would marry him because she liked him better than anyone, that she would be a good wife, run his house, and be his friend and companion.

Prince Charming

It was Mrs. Thaw who presented her [illegible] Ernest Simpson [illegible]

Simpson's Love

(To be continued Monday in The Boston Evening American.)

Joy Wanes

[illegible], N. J., Dec. 26 (AP).—Mrs. [illegible] and her three children had a Christmas dinner of chicken [illegible] cheerless meal. The [illegible] husband was arrested on a charge of stealing the fowl.

Fund Contributors

Previously Acknowledged	$27,752.10	From the [illegible] Children	[illegible]
[illegible] Harris	[illegible]	M. M. D., Cambridge	1.00
[illegible] Dept.	[illegible]	In memory of Jean Miller	1.00
[illegible] Walters	1.00	M. E. B.	1.00
[illegible]	[illegible]	Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Berry, [illegible] Mass. ave., Boston	1.00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] and Gary	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	In memory of J. B. T.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	H. J. Dowd Co., Inc.	[illegible]
[illegible]	1.00	In Thanksgiving for my [illegible]	1.00
A Friend	[illegible]	A Friend	1.00
[illegible] Company	2.00	C. H. D.	1.00
[illegible]	.50	A Friend	1.00
Employes in the office of United States Collector of Internal Revenue, Hon. [illegible], Collector	[illegible]	Good Natured Irishman	[illegible]
[illegible]	1.00	Madeline F. Ryan	5.00
Employes of Boston Law Dept. [illegible]	[illegible]	John Ashley, 302 Hammond st., Chestnut Hill	5.00
James J. Brown	2.00	S. C.	[illegible]
[illegible] Police H. Q.	[illegible]	No Name	1.00
[illegible] Barber Shop	[illegible]	Just a Friend	1.00
[illegible]	[illegible]	Thomas Foley	[illegible]
[illegible]	1.01	A Friend	1.00
[illegible] Schwartz	1.00	Boston American Composing Room	[illegible]
[illegible]	1.00	Total to date	[illegible]
[illegible] Welch	1.00		
Walter B. [illegible]	5.00		
No Name	1.00		
[illegible] and Mum	2.00		
[illegible]	[illegible]		
Carleton [illegible] & Co.	2.00		
[illegible], Cambridge	1.00		
[illegible], Arlington	1.00		

You Helped the Poor

Basket Fund Aided Every Creed

By THE CHRISTMAS BASKET FUND EDITOR

Another Christmas was checked off the calendar today, and in thousands of Greater Boston homes there is gratitude and happiness for the big-hearted who, this year, swelled the annual Boston Evening American-Sunday Advertiser Christmas Basket Fund to an all-time record.

Back to Fight

Supply Money

Holiday EXCURSIONS TO NEW YORK

TIMES SQUARE SPECIAL
$5.00 for New Year's Eve and New Year's Day in New York — Round Trip
Going—Dec. 31 / Returning—Jan. 2

NEW YEAR'S DAY EXCURSION
$3.50 Round Trip
Going—Dec. 31 / Returning—Jan. 2

ALSO EVERY SUNDAY
$3.50 Round Trip
Going Saturday Night / Returning Early Monday Morning

Children 5 and under 12 Half Fare
PURCHASE IN ADVANCE
Tickets Good only in Special Coach Trains on sale at South Station, North Station, Back Bay and 67 Franklin Street.

THE NEW HAVEN R.R.

CRUSHER KAYOES K. O. KOVERLY

BOTH GARDEN RIVALS WIND UP IN HOSPITAL FOR REPAIRS

BOSTON AMERICAN SPORTS
NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER
SATURDAY DECEMBER 26 1936 13

ALSO THE VICTIM!

MEET THE VICTAH!

AUSTEN LAKE

Casey vs. O'Mahony

Match Inevitable

So Why Not Now?

NOT FOR ANYTHING WOULD I WANT to lab the rep end of a c... ere anybody's street, for the boys but [illegible] Steve Casey, [illegible]

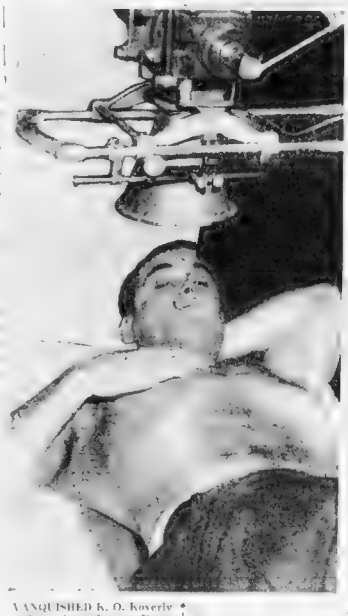
AUSTEN LAKE

[illegible] and [illegible] are looking at the Czar [illegible] the coming of his sheet and assisting uncouth words at Danno O'Mahony, the curly-cue boy from Cork County.

[illegible] There are many who are saying now, though unofficially, of course, and only where two or three of the mat addicts come together, that if Steve, who is as gnarled and angular as an oak bole, had been champion on the night that Dick Shikat pulled the zipper on Danno and hoiked his title away, Steve would have busted the Dutchman cross't his knee like snapping a dry fagot. Though, truth to speak, 'tis mostly the Kerry men who disparage Danno thus, and twixt Kerry and Cork there is the same sort of chivalry that exists between native Californians and Floridians—they fight that line together.

SHIKAT RUINED THE SET-UP

STILL SOMETHING IMMEDIATE AND PRETTY strong is necessary to rouse the flagging mat industry, which has gone groggy since Shikat committed his larceny and set the feudal barons of the business, who never trusted each other much beyond the tail of their eyes, to claw and garrote each other. Where 18 months ago Paul Bowser brought the championship under a central sort of community control, with each faction exchanging wrestlers on a rental basis, the armistice is suspended and there are six or more major chains operating about the country, each with its pasteboard champion and retinue of wrestlers, so that the interchange of celebrities has halted and the scarcity of headline names is threatening to choke the business



VANQUISHED K. O. Koverly reclines beneath [illegible] determine whether he had been permanently damaged by the killarney Crusher. Examination revealed little more than a deflated reputation and a few abrasions. Danno, take care.

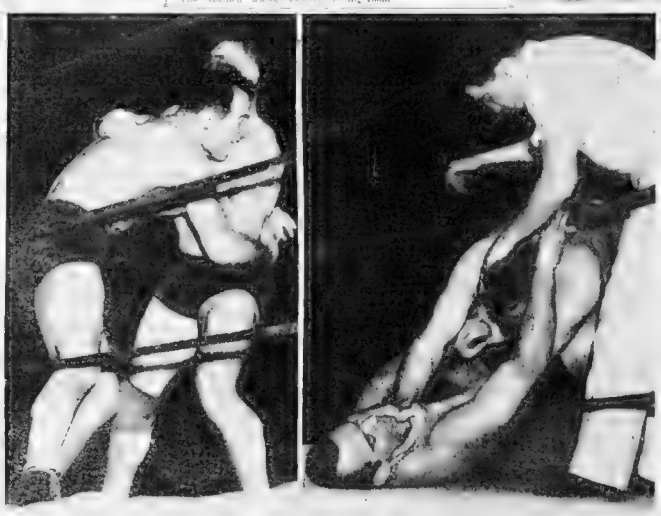
Casey Quells Rival In Rough Match

By JACK CONWAY

Steve Casey handed a crushing defeat to George K. O. Koverly in their Christmas Night wrestling show before 6000 fans at the Garden.

[illegible] I'll lick Casey if we ever meet," O'Mahony told me after the bout. After watching him against Koverly, I know just what holds I shall use to pin him.

[illegible] "I would like to pin an Irishman and I don't care whether his name is O'Mahony or Casey," Clark declared later in his dressing room.



AND HERE IS HOW it looked to 6000 fans at the Garden. The photo at the left shows the open-mouthed Mr. Koverly trying for a hold on Casey. At the right he is shown writhing on the ropes while Steve tries to separate his head from the rest of him. Notice Koverly's left hand heading in the general direction of the Casey lip.

Marblehead Drops Last Grid Tilt

An attempted drop kick conversion was short.

Hazel again put his team in front in the same period by scoring

Huskies Say Pitt Too Strong

[illegible] Pittsburgh doesn't know more about us than we know about them, we'll be perfect strangers," caustically commented the smart cracking Phelan.

[illegible] If Pittsburgh doesn't know more about us than we know about them, we'll be perfect strangers," caustically commented the smart cracking Phelan.

[illegible] Bad Play

"Some of the writers have criticized us for picking Pitt for this game, and I'm beginning to think they are right. Maybe we should of challenged somebody not so tough. They're every bit as good a team as Minnesota, and I should know something about Minnesota. Those fellows really block. Their backs are big and strong and fast. And they go up the field and not across it. I saw some of the best downfield blocking I have ever seen in the moving pictures of Pittsburgh in action. This fellow Daddio can really play end, and both Goldberg and Stapelis can pack that

B. C. Varsity Club Sponsors Dinner

California Choice In Georgia Tilt

South End House Meets Boys' Club

South End House champions of [illegible] Settlement House League, will face off against the Boys' Clubs of Boston Champs [illegible]

Al Gainer Drops Pittsburgh Foe

Pittsburgh, Dec. 24 (UP)—A [illegible]

Rosenberg Wins West End Hike

Miami High Bows To New Britain

CALIFORNIA

Henry Searles, le
Gene Moore, lt
Daniel Evans, lg
Bob Herwig, c
Ward Stockton, rg
Ray Nordstrom, rt
Perry Schwartz, re
John Meek, qb
Bill Archer, lhb
Sam Chapman, rhb
Cotton or Howard, fb

GA TECH

le, Bill Jordan
lt, Charles Preston
lg, Jack Nixon
c, Jack Covington
rg, Allen Wilson
rt, Glen Cushing
re, Ed Jones
qb, Belcher Sims
lhb, Dutch Konemann
rhb, Red Collins
fb, Harry Appleby

West End Teams Top Hoop Rivals

[illegible] In a preliminary game, the West End [illegible]

MacFAYDEN RANKED NEXT TO HUBBELL

Mr. Boston

Paris *Fight for* Lou

By JACK CONWAY

Mr. Boston

Displays Championship Form

ROOKIE Weir Also SHINES

BOBBY REIS RELIEF STAR

By JOE CASHMAN

The averages to end 1936 averages arrived in the morning mail.

State 'Pure' Title Trials Monday

Burgess to Rejoin B. C. For Husky Ice Tilt

Coach John Kelley's Boston College hockey team has a full week of practice ahead of it before taking on the second rival

Title Skiing

Tech Cancels Rowe Cup Regatta

The annual Rowe Cup crew re-

"Deacon" Shines

Al McCoy

N. L. PITCHING AVERAGES

Win $0 Tilts

Racing

Medford Ice Team Meets Amesbury

Mat Results

A Once-a-Year Feature For Sports Fans

REVIEWING THE WORLD OF SPORTS FOR 1936

2 BIG PAGES

Reviewing the outstanding sports events of New England and the nation---experts' stories by

Jack Conway Bill Grimes Joe Cashman
Sam Cohen Dave Wilson
Walter Kiley Murray Kramer

IN TOMORROW'S

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

Largest Newspaper Circulation in New England

SILVER SKATES LISTS TO CLOSE JANUARY 3

HURRY Up Your ENTRIES

DERBY TESTS JANUARY 10

By WALTER KILEY

The Silver Skates Derby hosts are marching nearer and nearer the big January finale.

[illegible] is now [illegible] and nearer the big January finale. [illegible] Saturday, January 3, [illegible] Sunday, January 10, [illegible] Franklin Field, Dorchester.

[illegible] Boston American and Advertiser Silver Skates Derby, which takes place at Franklin [illegible]

Veterans Plan Bruins Attack for Pesky Maroons

[illegible] MASTERS [illegible] and Eddie Shore, Lionel Hitchman and Dit Clapper [illegible] Boston Bruins [illegible] Maroons. These two veterans are expected to play big parts in holding the Bruins into the play-offs this spring.

(Picture from International News Photo [illegible] Service)

N. E. PIN Pros Start TOURNEY

WORLD TITLE AT STAKE

By ED COGSWELL

The initial instalment of candlepin bowlers faced the foul line this noon in the opening session of the N. E. B. A. championship tournament at the Commonwealth Recreation Alleys.

[illegible] Tops in the argument are Joe Rubbico and Joe Bongi. The former ran [illegible] with the Boston Evening American Sunday Advertiser title last spring, while Bongi [illegible] in the laurels in the [illegible] N. E. B. A. tournament.

Drop 3 Points

Towel dropped back a peg [illegible]

Surprise of the last session of the Junior Hub League was the [illegible] of the Horse Shoeites in holding the Bostonians to a two-even tie. . . . Bostonians is one of the four contending league teams, while Horse Shoeites [illegible] the league of 16 teams.

It was [illegible] the heels of Trainer McNeil too. . . . Secretary Dwight of Boston News Bureau's team Boardman, to right on piper over his score of 347 and [illegible] ing of 120. . . . Archie Walsh, [illegible] Green has pointed . . . gladly made.

The SKI-BAROMETER by Don and Guy

It seems that with every little boy and girl and rabid winter sports fans praying for snow on Christmas Day, surely New England should have been blanketed with at least an inch of snow, but cheer up, boys and girls, at 7:45 Christmas night snow started to fall in northern New England.

[illegible] New England [illegible] New England [illegible] New England [

PRINCE DEAN, WILSON'S BEST BET

Joe E. Brown's Track Activities for Screen

By LUCILLE O. PARSONS

Los Angeles, Dec. 29—Little did Joe E. Brown think when he bought a string of race horses that his experiences would be recorded in celluloid. Last year, Joe E. bought horse after horse and cleaned up a neat little fortune when nags he never expected to win raced to glory.

Lucille Brown

Snapshots of Hollywood

CHOICE Goes in EIGHTH

HERMIE ROY IN SEVENTH

By [illegible]

Consensus of Selections at TROPICAL PARK

How Experts Figure TROPICAL PARK Card

TAP'S TIPS

YEAH! I WENT AND BOUGHT A RIDING HABIT BECAUSE MIKE SAID HE'D GIVE ME A HORSE FOR XMAS!
AND HE GAVE YOU A SLIP THAT HAD A WOMAN IN THE EIGHTH RACE ON IT
BEST BET- KEARNEY - 6
LONGSHOT- HATS OFF
DAILY DOUBLE

Revised Line, Jockeys at Tropical

Wilson's Graded Handicaps

Collyer's Comment

By BERT E. COLLYER

(Copyright, 1928, by Collyer's Eye Service)

MAHONEY Forgets Boston FOLKS

Santa Anita

Tropical Mutuels

Ex-City Censor Burns Left Hand

Owens in Speed Test With Horse

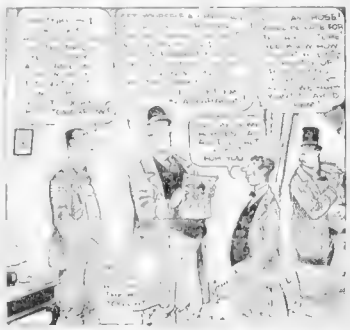
Report Kipke On Grid "Spot"

Program Selections At Tropical Park

SCRATCHES

AT TROPICAL PARK

JUDGE PUFFLE -:- Gene Ahern



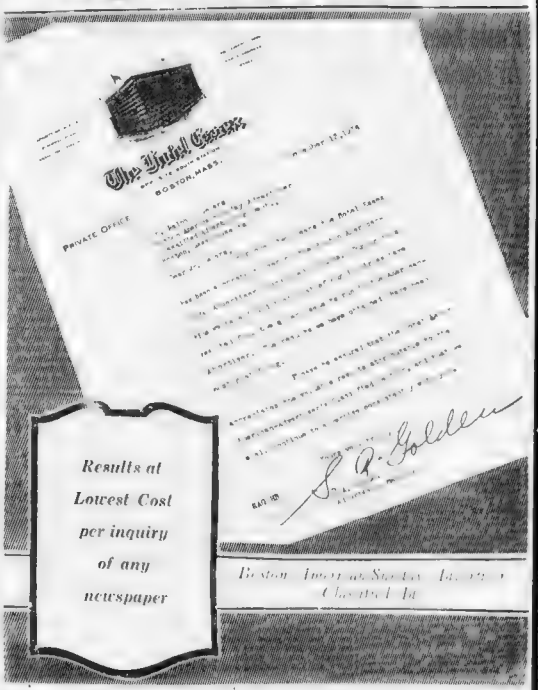
Mercer to Meet Bibber McCoy

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE STANDING

Y. M. H. A. Quintet Tackles Malden

With the Malden City Club at

Results!



BOSTON after DARK

By GEORGE HOLLAND

Exclusive:

Clerk William Prendible of Suffolk Superior Criminal Court confirmed today a report that he is going to marry Miss Evelyn M. Donovan of Jamaica Plain . . . Miss Donovan has been associated with Clerk Prendible since the West End former political leader entered the employ of the county 13 years ago . . . She is now his secretary . . . The wedding will occur "sometime before Lent," both principals told this column . . . Clerk Prendible, who is a member of the state and federal bar, was a protege of the late Martin Lomasney.

GEORGE HOLLAND

Theatrical Playbill:

As the theater goes into the "gravy week" of the entire season, four attractions will hold the boards . . . Two are musicals, "Frederika" and "Blossom Time" . . . "Frederika" had its world premiere at the Shubert last night . . . Reviewers concede the beauty of the production, and able performances by the cast . . . "Blossom Time" is on display at the Boston Opera House, and Katharine Hepburn comes to town Monday in a new Theater Guild production "Jane Eyre" . . . "Jane Eyre" is an adaptation for the stage by Helen Jerome of Charlotte Bronte's novel . . . Since she became famous, Miss Hepburn has not appeared previously in Boston . . . Returning for a week's engagement only, "Boy Meets Girl" will play through New Year's week at the Plymouth.

Katharine Cornell's new play, "The Wingless Victory," was received with mixed enthusiasm on Broadway, but with an advance sale that drained the ticket racks of all seats for New Year's Eve a week before the play opened, the star seems in for a run . . . It was a Merry Christmas for the Gotham ticket-brokers . . . Prices from $20 a pair up are being paid without demur by the show-hungry burghers of old Manhattan . . .

Once Over Lightly:

Thanks for your generous response to the plea for Christmas Basket Fund assistance . . . A suggestion that the firm of Cohan and Harris contribute $25 resulted in the following wire: "For that little idea, my partner thanks you and I thank you. Merry Christmas" . . . The contribution got in under the wire and lifted the Christmas Eve total to $28,000 . . . Helen Gleason, prima donna of "Frederika," is another American-born diva who adopted a foreign-sounding name when she made her operatic debut . . . Elena Glisone was Miss Gleason's professional name before she joined the Metropolitan Opera forces . . . Jack Sheehan, who played Erwin in the Chicago company of "Three Men on a Horse," came to Boston to wed his wife, Doris Palston, play the first performance of "Frederika" . . .

Jimmy Hussey's widow, Edith O'Hallissey, is in "Hollywood Revue" and "Bonte" McKenna, the Boston boy, staged it . . . Joe Geary, prominent member of the Engineer's Club, was given a near flannel robe which cost a small percentage of the hand-painted inscription by a famous artist which adorned the back . . .

—And a Happy New Year:

To the many, many friends who remembered this column Christmas with a variety of seasonal greetings, the oversigned offers his heartfelt thanks and appreciation.

Santa Remembers Lighthouse Men

Lonely lighthouse keepers looked ahead to Christmas, 1937, today, after a proper celebration of the festive occasion up and down the coast.

The keepers and their families fêted the day with turkey and all the fixin's, and elaborate and formal decorations, prepared weeks in advance.

Trees were exchanged, and each lighthouse was visited by a Christmas bundle dropped from the plane of Captain Wiggo Moe, veteran Santa Claus, who yearly makes a flight up and down the coast.

85,000,000 Pieces Of Mail Handled

Postoffice officials were heaving sighs of relief today, thankful the record flood of Christmas mail had come to an end.

More than 85,000,000 pieces of mail passed through the Boston postal district since the start of the Christmas rush.

There is still a small amount of mail to be delivered today, which was to be delivered today.

Framingham Inn Swept by Flames

Framingham, Dec. 26—Shortly after the departure of some 50 couples a three-alarm fire swept the Venetian Gardens dine and dance spot, today, causing damage estimated at $10,000.

Apparatus from Framingham Center and Saxonville was called as the blaze roared through the structure, on the edge of the business district.

Last of the holiday celebrants had left the building but a short time when a passerby saw the flames coming from the roof. Chief LeRoy Trevett said a preliminary investigation showed the fire started in a dumb waiter shaft.

Hurleys Leave On Bermuda Trip

After having spent Christmas at home in Cambridge with their children and grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hurley and Mrs. Hurley were at sea today, bound for Bermuda, where they will vacation until time to return for inaugural day, January 4.

They sailed from New York aboard the S.S. Queen of Bermuda.

MOVIE CLOCK

BOWDOIN—"Go West, Young Man"; 9:57, 1:08, 4:19, 8:30.
FENWAY—"Charge of the Light Brigade"; 12:00, 3:15, 6:30, 9:45.
GAYETY— "Shakedown"; 12:00, 2:20, 6:40, 10:00.
HOWARD—"Life of Dillinger"; 1:20, 4:10, 9:40.
KEITH-BOSTON — "Our Relations"; 10:45, 1:45, 4:45, 7:50, 10:55.
KEITH MEMORIAL—"Stowaway"; 10, 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.
LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"Garden of Allah"; 2:03, 4:55, 7:45, 10:30.
LOEW'S STATE—"Garden of Allah"; 2:03, 4:55, 7:45, 10:30.
METROPOLITAN — "College Holiday"; 11:28, 2:11, 4:54, 7:45, 10:28.
MODERN—"Hideaway Girl"; 9:20, 1:23, 4:50, 8:16.
PARAMOUNT—"Charge of the Light Brigade"; 10:45, 2:15, 5:45, 9:15.
PARK—"Damaged Lives"; continuous 9 a. m. to 11 p. m.
SCOLLAY—"Hideaway Girl"; 11:10, 2:10, 6:25, 10:00.
TREMONT — "Escape"; 9:00, 12:21, 3:42, 6:49, 10:08.
WASH. ST. OLYMPIA — "Theodora Goes Wild"; 11:12, 2:40, 6:05, 9:05.

Hollywood | FILMS -:- PLAYS -:- MUSIC | Boston

'Frederika' Lauded at Premiere

By LEO GAFFNEY

Franz Lehar's operetta, "Frederika," now about three years old in Europe, as done over into an American version, is richly mounted by Hassard Short on the stage of the Shubert Theater where it will spend its tryout period prior to a Broadway engagement.

Beginning here last night, before the admiring gaze of a capacity holiday audience, "Frederika" saw Dennis King and Elena Gleason, reduced to the light opera stage, and Helen Gleason—formerly of New York's Metropolitan Opera Company—introduced to it.

Taking the great German giant of letters, Johannes Goethe, as its principal romantic figure, the Lehar fantasy has utilizes the immortal scholar's affair with Frederika Brion—which occurred about the time he was 20.

Naturally, the affair is beautifully whitewashed for the needs of light entertainment, but this was to be expected, for, say what you will, it is altogether timely that Goethe stimulated, if he did not inspire, the great man to write some of the best lyric poetry in the civilized world.

* * *

Goethe's abandonment of Frauleln Frederika is likewise easily glossed over by having her "romance" ban for the benefit of his career. And, too, this provides the boy-loses-girl motif so dear to a certain style of operetta.

There are nevertheless, stirring moments in "Frederika," when something of Goethe's tremendous stature looms grandly through the sentimental haze. In these times the American adapter, Edward Eliscu, betrays a knowledge of, and a feeling for, his original character and seems determined to do something about it.

It is then that the dialogue takes a serious tone at odds with the lightness of preceding patter.

Lehar's music is, as ever, strictly in the proper Viennese light opera tradition—neat, well turned music, requiring voices with range and resonance, particularly in the solo parts. But there are no memorable tunes like "The Merry Widow Waltz."

* * *

Dividing his time, as he does, between singing and acting a definite character, Dennis King is not required to do most of the latter. The responsibility for Mlle. Helen Gleason's and she rises admirably to the occasion with much regional charm and a voice of fine, hellike quality.

Mr. King's pleasant baritone has not forsaken him. There is no other noteworthy singing role, save that of George Trabert, tenor, whose character is introduced only for vocal purposes.

As for Hassard Short's settings and costumes, in which he is assisted by Watson Barratt and William Weaver, there has never been a Broadway stage appeared anything, quite like them for Eighteenth Century sumptuousness. The memory of this reviewer.

The "big" scene, a Georgian interior at Strasburg, is of striking taste and stunning beauty. Against a flat white background of white doors, windows and columns, Mr. Short casts the brilliantly colored customery of the period, including bouffant hoop bodices, huge hats with plumes. These for the ladies. And for the gentlemen, resplendent silk coats, powdered wigs, satin breeches and silk hose. A truly magnificent stage picture.

* * *

No small part of the picture is the ballet, Chester Hale's, which

Polly Be Loos, appearing in "Boy Meets Girl," which returns to the Plymouth stage Monday.

is exceptionally dainty in the rich costumery.

Sustaining the operatic quality of the performance is the distinguished presence in the orchestra pit of Giuseppe Bamboschek, noted conductor of the Metropolitan.

As in the case of all large musical pieces during their early performances, "Frederika" will be improved. Its too-leisurely pace will be quickened, the material for Ernest Truex will be polished and all rough ways planed.

Then "Frederika" ought to be a hit. But even as it was last night the audience found it good and applauded lustily at every turn.

In Hit Play

Fun Aplently On Met's Screen

By PEGGY DOYLE

A thoroughly nonsensical, informal bit of trivia, "College Holiday," the Metropolitan's holiday screen fare, was a perfect follow for Boston's Christmas dinner, for it demands nothing from the overstuffed beholder.

* * *

In fact, as Jack Benny (the J. Davis Brewster of the picture) says, they never permitted the story to interfere with art but tossed both out of the window.

Co-starred with Mr. Benny in "College Holiday" are such well-known zanies as Gracie Allen and George Burns, Mary Boland and Martha Raye, who, whenever the need strikes them, halt the almost imperceptible thread of plot with a dance, or a song, or a bit of comedy, or a chorus number.

* * *

Miss Boland is Coreia Gaye, convert to Grecian culture and to the theory of vibrations and eugenics expounded by Professor Hercules Dove (Etienne Girardot). She decides to use a bankrupt hotel she has acquired by foreclosure as a laboratory of a scientific mating experiment.

She hires Jack Benny (or J. Davis Brewster) to scour the country's campuses for perfect physical specimens. Using his superior judgment, the gentleman hires instead collegiate entertainers. He grooms them for a minstrel show, the proceeds of which take the hotel out of the red.

Miss Gaye, the professor's dimwit daughter, Martha ("Klaxon") Raye, a cornfed virgin; Ben Blue, a coy shepherd and Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney, a pair of tap-dancing experts.

* * *

Marsha Hunt and Lief Erikson provide the love motif but their promising romance, disappointingly enough, is completely overlooked towards the close of the picture.

"College Holiday" is from the screen play by J. P. McEvoy, Harlan Wire, Henry Meyers and Jay Gorney. Frank Tuttle directed for Paramount.

Xavier Cugat and his popular orchestra and the celebrated Yacht Club Boys, whose unique singing and ad-libbing have won them attention here and abroad, provide a scintillating stage show at the Met this week.

They are ably aided by such talented musical comedy and radio favorites as Carmen Castillo, Dorothy Miller, Novack and Faye, Grace and Raye McDonald and th 16 Rhythmettes.

'Blossom Time' at Opera House

"Blossom Time" operetta famous for its songs by Franz Schubert, is the current attraction at the Boston Opera House. It has been arranged by Sigmund Romberg, and the company is the same recently seen at one of the downtown theaters. J. Charles Gilbert appears as the composer hero.

Bowdoin's Films

The Bowdoin screen offers "Theodora Goes Wild," co-starring Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas, and "Go West, Young Man," starring Mae West as the Hollywood glamour-girl ever questing for love.

BEAUTY

'Garden of Allah' Exquisite

By PEGGY DOYLE

If your orbs need an eye-wash after a surfeit of Christmas-tree glitter, you'll find it in "The Garden of Allah," Technicolor's holiday gift to you, currently showing at Loew's State and Orpheum theaters.

Never in the checkered history of color photography has the screen seen such fantastically beautiful background shots as the warm, beige sands, the sun-dappled ivory buildings of Tunis and Beni-Mora and the soft, blue skies that are the setting for Robert Hichens' best-seller of some 30 years ago.

Nor has Marlene Dietrich, the lovely Domini Enfilden who found love and renunciation in the desert, ever appeared to greater pictorial advantage. For the first time, fans see her in all the glory of her red-gold hair, blue eyes and gardenia skin.

* * *

Pictorially satisfying as is the picture, the story of the fabulously wealthy and beautiful young convent-girl who sought peace in the desert and the runaway monk she married is dated and stiff in developing under the director of Richard Boleslawski.

"The Garden of Allah" is the story of Domini Enfilden, unhappy though she possesses all that the world rates important. She runs counter from the mother superior of the convent she used to attend.

That wise and good woman tells her to find peace in the desert. There, Domini, exquisitely lovely in her soft-blue cloak or topaz velvet cape or white chiffon dress, against the pale-gold sands, encounters another unhappy soul. She learns to love him deeply. They are married before she discovers that Boris Androvsky is a Trappist monk who has broken his eternal vows of chastity, poverty and silence.

Charles Boyer, as the monk Boris who succumbed to earthly temptation, gives a sensitive performance conveying all the anguish of a man who finds that he has exchanged spiritual serenity for worldly love.

* * *

Miss Dietrich, who is one hauntingly beautiful picture after another, has had nothing more throughout the production. She never once gives the impression of a living, breathing woman, not even when she has found great love nor when she has renounced it. Always she is a mere beauty, whose emotions are never permitted to mar her sculptured perfection.

Tilly Losch, whose barbaric dance in an Arab cafe is as artistic as Dietrich's entire performance is static, contributes brilliantly to the picture. C. Aubrey Smith as Father Roubier, Basil Rathbone of Count Anteoni, Joseph Schildkraut as the dragoman, Batouch, Lucille Watson as the mother superior and John Carradine as the sand-diviner are all splendid.

Laugh Week For Boston Fans

It's laugh week at the RKO-Boston these holidays, with comedy romping across the screen and behind the footlights.

Comedians Laurel and Hardy slapstick their way through the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, "Our Relations," a gag-laden dido that devotes an excessive amount of footage to the mixups of idential twins.

On the other foot, you have that priceless pantomimist, Jimmy Savo, an unobtrusive, baggy-trousered little fellow, who skedaddles away with the stage show, "Hollywood Hotel Revue."

Savo—remember his "Parade" and "Once in a Blue Moon"—can say more with the flicker of an eyelid or the lift of a finger than the average comedian can with the entire Webster's dictionary.

"River, Stay Away From My Door," and "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking," as Jimmy sings them with pictures are gems, and his wordless pantomime of what he'd like to do to an off-time trombone player is art in any language.

* * *

Other revue performers are Sybil Bowen, formerly of Earl Carroll's Sketchbook, who does some impersonations of Beatrice Lillie, Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo and Mrs. Roosevelt (addressing a Girl Scout meeting) that are poisonously overdone.

Other revue performers are the adagio pair, Clark and Easton, the singing Wilma Horner and Richard Stutz, Al Norman and his sloggers and the 24 Hollywood Honeys.

In "Our Relations" you have not one Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy but a two-some of each, their doubles being cast as the comedians' idential twins, Chester Conklin and Lona Andre.

Franklin is amusing as the ex-vaudeville star, Doris Kenyon looks most attractive in a role not adequate to her talents.

EXCITING

'Light Brigade' on Twin Screens

By HARRIS MORGAN

The Paramount and Fenway screens this week offer "The Charge of the Light Brigade," exciting film dramatization of Tennyson's great poem recently shown at the Metropolitan, and "Along Came Love," Austin Strong's department store romance.

* * *

"The Charge of the Light Brigade," two hours of stirring drama, opens with the romance involving Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, and ends with the spectacular charge of the heroic British troops.

It is a thrilling, beautiful production, with the three principals turning in splendid performances. Excellent support is given by, in other players, Donald Crisp, Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, C. Henry Gordon and Spring Byington.

* * *

"Along Came Love" is the sweet and unaffected romance of Emmy Grant, department store shopgirl, and John Patrick O'Ryan, medical student working his way through school as a theater doorman. O'Ryan, in natty uniform, is Emmy's eagerly awaited Greek god come to life.

Emmy's mother, a former vaudeville star, gets a job in a burlesque show so that she may be financially independent of her matrimonially-minded daughter and almost wrecks the romance when she is arrested in a police raid on the show.

However, love triumphs and the final shots reveal both mother and daughter happily married, Irene Hervey and Charles Starrett, as the young lovers and Irene Franklin is amusing as the ex-vaudeville star, Doris Kenyon looks most attractive in a role not adequate to her talents.

Amusements

SYMPHONY HALL
TONIGHT 8:15
Boston Symphony ORCHESTRA
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY CONDUCTOR
FRIDAY, JAN. 1 at 2:30
SATURDAY, JAN. 2 at 8:15
Soloist—RACHMANINOFF

COLONIAL 2 WEEKS Seats Now!
Beginning Monday, Dec. 28
Twice Daily at 2:15 and 8:15
THE THEATRE GUILD, Inc.
Presents Helen Jerome's Dramatization of Charlotte Bronte's Novel
JANE EYRE
KATHARINE HEPBURN
Evgs. $2.50 to $.50 Mats. $2.00 to $.50
Mail Orders Now

A Drama of Today—Vivid—Convincing! Plumbs the Depths of Human Emotion!
DAMAGED LIVES
Reveals Secrets of Modern Sex!
PARK

Amusements

SHUBERT MAT. TODAY 2:15
TONIGHT 8:15
AMERICAN PREMIERE—FRESH FROM NEW YORK
MESSRS. SHUBERT present
Beverly Sills Donald Dickson
KING • GLEASON • TRUEX
FRANZ LEHAR'S New Operetta
FREDERIKA
Staged and Directed by
HASSARD SHORT
Evgs. Tonight Dec. 26, Then to $3.30. Wed. Mat. to $2.20. Sat. Mats. to $2.75. Mon. Eve., Dec. 28, to $3.30. New Year's Eve $3.30 to $4.40

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT 8:20
700 Orchestra Seats $1.10
BETTER THAN A PERFECTION MUSICAL FEAST
BLOSSOM TIME
Schubert Melodies—Romberg Music
Evgs. 55c to $1.10. (Eve. Seats at $1.65.) Wed. & Sat. Mats. 55c to $1.10. New Year's Eve. Seats at $1.65. Mat. on Jan. 31 SAUER'S SYMPHONIC ORGAN RECITAL AT MIDNIGHT PERFORMANCE NEW YEAR'S EVE

PLYMOUTH Beg. Dec. 28 1 Week Only
GEORGE ABBOTT presents
"BOY MEETS GIRL"
by SIDNEY SHELDON and SAMUEL SPEWACK
SEATS NOW (EXCEPT NEW YEAR'S) 55c to $2.20 (EVGS. 6:30-9:45) Sat. 2:30-5:45) 55c to $1.65
NOW NEW YEARS EVE 85c to $3.30 PLUS TAX

Paramount FENWAY Beg. Dec. 28 2 MAJOR FEATURES
Errol Flynn-Olivia DeHavilland
"CHARGE of the LIGHT BRIGADE"
also Frank Craven
"ALONG Came Love"
Special Midnite Show NEW YEAR'S EVE
"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"
also "EASY TO TAKE"
Stage Show on Both Screens

Amusements

SCOLLAY NOW
MARTHA RAYE-SHIRLEY ROSS
"HIDEAWAY GIRL"
also Ralph Forbes' "DEMI-GODS"
MIDNIGHT SHOW NEW YEAR'S EVE—SEATS NOW

WASH. ST. OLYMPIA
ERNIE BYRNE—MELVYN DOUGLAS
"THEODORA GOES WILD"
also Frances Farmer "COME AND GET IT"
Martha Raye "HIDEAWAY GIRL"
Cain Midnite Show New Year's Eve

MODERN 25c to 1 P.M.
Joel McCrea—Frances Farmer
"COME AND GET IT"
Martha Raye "HIDEAWAY GIRL"
Cain Midnite Show New Year's Eve

Amusements

METROPOLITAN
JACK BENNY MARTHA RAYE BURNS • ALLEN MARY BOLAND
College Holiday
YACHT Club Boys In Person
XAVIER CUGAT & HIS ORCHESTRA
FREE PARKING Pittman Side
To Music of Xavier Cugat & His Orch.

Amusements

LOEW'S STATE • ORPHEUM
2 Marlene DIETRICH CHARLES BOYER in THE GARDEN OF ALLAH
CONE CLOSER FOLKS
"BORN TO DANCE" with BRENDA POWELL
"SINNER TAKE ALL"

Amusements

KEITH MEMORIAL NOW!
So different it's surprising!
SHIRLEY TEMPLE "STOWAWAY"
ROBERT YOUNG • ALICE FAYE
Extra-MARCH OF TIME-Latest Issue!
RESERVED SEATS NOW ON SALE—GALA NEW YEAR'S EVE MIDNIGHT SHOW!

NOW ON STAGE! RKO BOSTON EXTRA!
Better than any $3 30 Show
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL REVUE
with SHYE BOWAN
JIMMY SAVO International Comedian
LAUREL and HARDY
RESERVED SEATS NOW ON SALE—GALA NEW YEAR'S EVE MIDNIGHT SHOW!

THE OLD HOWARD BURLESQUE
3 Shows Daily 12, 2:30, 8:30
LILLIAN DIXON MIKE SACKS
Can Can Marvians—Bath Brows
IRA THOMAS—HAL DAVIS
"BACCHA" Burlesquers
50 People—All Clothed Girls
"The Life of Dillinger"
Special Box Year's Eve Midnight Show $1.65

GAYETY 15¢ NEW GAYETY 25¢
LEW AYRES—JOAN PERRY
in SHAKEDOWN
FRED STONE-GRAND JURY
STARTS SUNDAY-STAGE SHOW

TREMONT
WM. RUSSELL LUCE DANSE
EXCHANGE
"NEW YEAR'S EVE MIDNIGHT SHOW $1.65"

RUGBY 25¢ YOUNG
"MEET THE PEOPLE"
"POINT OF VIEW"

BOWDOIN Pop-eye cartoon "Build the Wow"
Mickey Mouse "On Ice" Now
"THEODORA GOES WILD"—Irene Dunne Mel Douglas
"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN"—Mae West W. C. Fields
Wed. "Legion of Terror" "Straight from the Shoulder"
Special Midnite Show New Year's Eve (Thurs. Nite)

M.P. Community THEATRES

ALLSTON
CAPITOL
Reserved Seats Ever. Incl. Sun. Aft. Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Irene Dunne—Melvyn Douglas
THEODORA GOES WILD
JOHN "CRAIG'S WIFE" ROSALIND RUSSELL

ALLSTON-BRIGHTON
ALLSTON Sta. 4410 EGYPTIAN Sta. 6800
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
"POLO JOE" "DEVIL IS A SISSY"
Bruce Cabot—Churchill Frederic March—Sidney Toler
"LEGION OF TERROR" "BANGKA" All in Color

CAMBRIDGE
CENTRAL SQ. HAR. 4600
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
POPEYE CARTOON "BUILD THE WOW"
NEW LAUREL & HARDY FEATURE
Stage & Screen Show
"OUR RELATIONS"
Starting Tonight Thru Tuesday
Last Show Tonight 10:30
"WIVES NEVER KNOW"

CHELSEA
OLYMPIA
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
JEAN BENNETT "WEDDING PRESENT"
GARY COOPER "I'M GIVING MY LIFE"
Frances Drake-Tom Brown in "I'D GIVE MY LIFE"

DORCHESTER
CORMAN & FRANKLIN
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Jack Holt-Ann Sheridan
"I'D GIVE MY LIFE"
Sir Guy Standing—"I'D GIVE MY LIFE"
Jack Benny's Broadcast Show of Both Theatres
Thurs. Eve. Dec. 31 at 11:30 P. M. Seats only 65c

FIELDS CORNER
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Mickey Rooney
"DEVIL IS A SISSY"
Charlie Murray-Tom Weiss
"THEY MET IN A TAXI"

DORCHESTER AND MATTAPAN
STRAND
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Irene Dunne—Melvyn Douglas
"THEODORA GOES WILD"
"PICCADILLY PARADE"—Short Feature

DORCHESTER AND ROXBURY
LIBERTY WARREN
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Chevalier Cabot Marsh Wallace William
"THEODORA GOES WILD"
Richard Arlen-Louise Campbell
"MURDER ON A HONEYMOON"
Matinee Daily—Mat. 11:30—Eve. 7:45

JAM. PLAIN-ROXBURY CROSSING
JAMAICA
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Jack Holt-Ann Sheridan
"I'D GIVE MY LIFE"
Sir Guy Standing—"I'D GIVE MY LIFE"
Jack Benny's Broadcast Show of Both Theatres
Thurs. Eve. Dec. 31 at 11:30 P. M. Seats only 65c

ROSLINDALE
ALTON
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Freddie Bartholomew Beauty and Actors
"DAVID COPPERFIELD" Short Feature
"THEY MET IN A TAXI" "ALWAYS TOMORROW"

ROXBURY
RIVOLI DUDLEY
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
2 to 11 Continuous Shows Today 1:30 to 11
Freddie Bartholomew Beauty and Actors
"PICCADILLY PARADE" Short Feature
"THEODORA GOES WILD" Irene Dunne Melvyn Douglas

SOMERVILLE
STRAND
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Alice Faye-Adolphe Menjou
"SING BABY SING"
Short Feature
"CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACETRACK"

WALTHAM
EMBASSY & CENTRAL SQ.
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Victor McLaglen
"Woman Trouble" Short
Edmund Lowe
"PICCADILLY PARADE" Short
Cont. 1:30 to 11

WOLLASTON—NORFOLK DOWNS
DIMPLES
Shirley Temple
A Touch-Down Thrilling "BIG GAME"
F. Astaire-G. Rogers
"SWING TIME"
Virginia Weidler
"Girl of the Ozarks"

Today at YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER

ARLINGTON and WATERTOWN
ARLINGTON REGENT WATERTOWN SQ.
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
J. MacMurray-J. Oakie "TEXAS RANGERS"
"KICK TERRIER" Special Children's Matinee
M. Loy-W. Hull "Love on Her Hands" Patsy-T. Ryan

BROOKLINE
COOLIDGE CORNER
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
PICSKIM PARADE
Nine Days a Queen
3rd ANNIVERSARY WEEK

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY KIR. 4580 HARVARD SQ.
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
KATHARINE HEPBURN in "A WOMAN REBELS"
JOE E. BROWN in "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"
SUN. "CRAIG'S WIFE" & "PICKIN PARADE"

CHARLESTOWN
THOMPSON SQUARE
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
ROBERT TAYLOR "PICSKIM PARADE"
Gladys George "VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE"

DORCHESTER—SOMERVILLE
DORCHESTER CAMPUS SQUARE
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Gift Nite
G. Stuart-E. Lowe "Girl on Front Page"
Walter Abel "No Need to Collect" "MURDER ON THE BRIDLE PATH"
Gift Nite "Desert Gold"
"GAY DECEPTION"

PATRONIZE YOUR NABORHOOD THEATRE

MALDEN
GRANADA
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Irene Dunne in "THEODORA GOES WILD"
Joe E. Brown in "POLO JOE"
Jack Benny's Broadcast Show—8 P. M.
A "SMART GIRL IN TOWN"—Shirley Deane

STRAND
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Victor McLaglen "Wanderer of the West"
C. Trevor-C. Bickford "MAIDEN LANE"
Fay Wray-Regis Toomey "SMART BLONDE"

MYSTIC
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Mae West-Randolph Scott "GO WEST YOUNG MAN"
Gladys George-Robert Taylor "VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE"
Midnight Show—8 P. M.
A "SMART GIRL IN TOWN"—Shirley Deane

ORPHEUM
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
F. Buetterworth-Jinks "THE TEXAS RANGERS"
Joe E. Brown "EARTHWORM TRACTOR"

REVERE
BOULEVARD and REVERE
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Joe E. Brown "POLO JOE"
Rosalind Russell "CRAIG'S WIFE"

SOMERVILLE
CAPITOL & BALL SQ. CENTRAL
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Ida Lupino-Jos. Cawthy "GAY DESPERADO"
Richard Dix "YELLOW DUST"
Fay Wray-Ted Healy "SING BABY SING"
Tom Shea "GRAND JURY"
Gift Nite

TEELE SQ. SOMERVILLE BROADWAY
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Allan Jones-Ronald Reagan "THE HARVESTER"
Roy Walker-Evelyn Knapp "BULLDOG EDITION"

NORTH STA.—SOUTH END
LANGFORD LAB. NATIONAL
Doors Open 1:30 Aft. Ample Free Parking
Cary Grant "Big Brown Eyes"
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URGES U. S. Tax MEETING

CO-ORDINATION NEED CITED

By MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER
Copyright, 1936, by Universal Service.

New York, Dec. 26 (US) the American sysem of dual government depends on dynamic leadership.

President Roosevelt could do little more useful than call a conference of representatives of the states to consider ways and means of carrying out his own recommendation for better co-ordination of state and federal systems of taxation.

As governor of the state of New York Mr. Roosevelt focused popular attention on this issue.

During the Roosevelt administration at Washington the Treasury has barked into the subject, but thus far there has been no action. Among important state tax officials there is an expectation that such a conference may be called early in 1937.

There is need of sane orientation for practical tools for taxation between the states and the federal government.

During the depression, with expenses mounting and tax yields falling there was a tendency to seize one and another source. For example, an increasing number of states have entered the federal government's province of the income tax. On the other hand, the federal government has impinged on some of taxation hitherto regarded as the prerogative of the states, such as the gasoline tax. Moreover, the federal government has also gone increasingly into the state field of death duties.

If an agreement can be reached as to nondupication of taxes, it has also been argued that economies could nevertheless be effected by making the federal government the sole collector of taxes, with the provisio that it remit to the states a percentage of the imposts raised within their boundaries. The saving effect not only a saving in the cost of collection but also in the cost of compliance.

Other related topics could properly be discussed at such a meeting. These embrace the question of variations in the various states as to what constitutes a dominie. Moreover, the question of taxation by the states in relative freedom from taxation might be discussed in its broader aspects.

As to domicile, the development of the traffic colonies raises new implications in connection with this question.

The answer's plan to sterilize imports thus far has been met with considerable criticism. There is a measure of preventing harmful inflationary effects at the time of actual stabilization and deflationary effects at time of withdrawal.

A more searching question is whether it is wise for the United States to continue attracting all the new gold production of the world by holding $35 an ounce for it.

Foreigners have been taking payment for gold shipments to the United States in the form of American securities and bank deposits.

Under the new scheme, the Treasury will increase its indebtedness in order to buy additional gold.

One school of thought would advocate stopping bidding for foreign gold, and at the same time consulting the experts of gold, and forbidding foreign lending. This school takes the rigorous view that foreign gold which can exports should be paid for with imports of foreign goods and services.

The immediate concern of the federal money managers is to avoid hereafter acts of omission or commission which will put the world in another exaggerat of stock market boom, followed by a collapse. Yet the whole easy money program has been fundamentally inflationary. That is, obviously, a test will be made of the possibility of keeping money rates low for business and government borrowers while discouraging its excessive use in speculation. Whether orthodox economics is inclined to scoff at the idea of applying the spur of cheap money to yet the government some has other powers to deal directly with marginal and with the fundamental of speculation.

Social Security

Wages Under Tax Act Defined

Across the desks of the Collector of Internal Revenue and the members of his staff hundreds of letters each day, most of them requests for rulings relative to the Social Security taxes. Employers with one hired hand, officers of corporations employing thousands write in to have some moot point cleared up. Today the Boston Evening American discusses some of the rulings.

Many of the questions asked of the Collector of Internal Revenue have to do with the definition of wages, as construed by the department in connection with social security taxes.

For instance, the treasurer of a large textile mill writes in to ask if "idle time" paid the workers in the mill is taxable under the act.

"Idle time" represents payments to employes for time during which they perform no services.

To this mill, for instance, employes are guaranteed a 30-hour week, whether there is work for them or not. If they work 40 hours, they are paid for 40 hours; but if they have hours forms the mill to shut down for a short time, and the workers get in only 20 hours, they are paid for that week for 30 hours.

CONSTITUTES WAGES

Under the ruling made by the Department of Internal Revenue this extra money does constitute wages, even though no services are performed by the employes. The employer, it was decided, must figure in the total remuneration to his employes in computing the tax basically under the social security law.

Another often questioned point concerns the tax liability of organizations which are not operated for profit. Many non-profit making organizations are exempt from social security taxation, under the provision of the act which exempts from operation, community chest, fund or foundation, organized and operated exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific, literary, or educational purposes, or for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals, no part of the net earnings of which inures to the benefit of any private shareholder or individual.

The dividing line, however, is not so clear-cut in many cases. Some corporations or organizations, while they do not make a profit, are considered to be operated exclusively for one of the exempted purposes.

TAX OF TRUSTEES

However, a very simple rule of thumb applies in almost every case. This rule is that if the the organization pays an income tax it must also pay the social security taxes. In ruling on one case of this nature the Bureau of Internal Revenue points out:

"The provisions of the pertinent section of the social security act are substantially identical with those contained in the corresponding section of the revenue act of 1951 exempting certain classes of corporations from the federal income tax. The bureau having held that this company does not qualify for exemption from the income tax, it follows that it is not exempt from the social security tax."

Another article of the social security series will appear in tomorrow's Boston Sunday Advertiser.

Following are some of the questions asked by Boston Evening American readers about the Social Security act.

Q—I tend furnaces for about 10 homes in my neighborhood. This is a responsible job, requiring several hours of work a day at routine hours. I am paid each month by the separate home owners. Shouldn't I be eligible for Social Security?

A—If they are all private homes, you are not eligible, since what you do is classed as casual labor. If, however, you were employed at the same task by an apartment house, you would be eligible, and would pay the tax on that part of your income paid you by the apartment house owner. The work for the apartment house would be labor for an employer in the line of his business, whereas the work in private homes is not.

Q—What's the penalty is there for falsifying a Social Security application blank? A young woman, a friend of mine is at present living apart from her husband. She is working in an office where only single women are employed, and is working under her maiden name, by which she feels she must her "social Security blank. What will happen if this is found out?

A—So far as the government is concerned, nothing will happen to her. She did perfectly right in using the name under which she appears on her employer's payroll. The government does not care whether she is married or single. The questions asked by the government on the social security application blank are for the sole purpose of identifying the applicant.

Q—Will you please answer this question in your column? I am 56 years old. Suppose I pay the old age insurance and unemployment compensation for seven years, and then do not retire, but keep on working until I am 65 years of age. If I die at the age of 65 years, what will happen to my pension?

A—As long as you keep working, you will not be paid a pension. At your death, assuming no benefits have been paid you, your estate will receive a lump sum benefit amounting to three and one-half per cent of all your earnings between January 1 next and your sixty-fifth birthday.

UNITED STATES SMELTING REFINING AND MINING COMPANY

The Directors have declared a quarterly dividend of $1.75 per share on the Preferred Capital Stock, and a dividend of Two Dollars ($2.00) per share on the Common Capital Stock, both payable on January 15, 1937 to stockholders of record at the close of business December 31, 1936.

GEORGE MIXTER,
December 22, 1936. Treasurer.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

6 Deaths

CARLSON—In Los Angeles, California, Dec. 18, 1936, Hjalmar Carlson, formerly of Bergslund's Funeral Home, 292 Huntington avenue, Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited. Late member of Vineland Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M.

DeMANSO—In Revere, Dec. 23, Amedio, beloved husband of Marie Pulicia. Funeral from his late residence, 2 Malden St., Saturday, Dec. 26, at 10 A. M. solemn requiem mass at 10:30 A. M. at St. Mary's Church at 41 A. M. Relatives and friends invited. No flowers.

GOBBEL—In Lynn, December 22, Grace D., wife of Walter A., 122 West Baltimore st. Lynn. Funeral services from the chapel of Bergstrom & Lagerlof, Inc., Park, Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30 P. M. Relatives and friends invited.

HEINE—In Winchester, Dec. 22, Mary, sister of Henry J. Heine and Mrs. Sarah E. Vaux of Brookline. Funeral at the residence of her brother, 10 Stratford Rd., Winchester, Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 P. M. Relatives and friends invited.

PEMBERTON—In Dorchester, Dec. 23, Mary L. (Hanson), beloved wife of Albert E. Pemberton and sister of the late Rev. Gordon Gooding, R. I., of Holy Trinity Church. Funeral from her late home, 15 Hancock St., Saturday morning, Dec. 26. Solemn requiem mass in St. Peter's Church, Milton, at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends invited.

PERKINS—In Orthodox Jerusalem, Dec. 23, Mary D. (Bliss), beloved daughter of the late Rev. Edwin Munsell Bliss, D. D., and formerly of 11 Burgess St. Funeral from the chapel of Bergstrom & Lagerlof, Inc., 185 Dudley st. on Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 P. M. Interment in Forest Hills Cemetery. Relatives and friends invited. Please omit flowers.

SOCKER—Suddenly, in Dorchester, Dec. 24, Mary (Smith) at 10:30 A. M. Relatives and friends invited.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

8 Lost

Found Wallet, Dec. 23, Amedio, beloved husband of Marie Pulicia. Funeral from his late residence, 2 Malden St., Saturday, Dec. 26, at 10 A. M. solemn requiem mass at 10:30 A. M. at St. Mary's Church at 41 A. M. Relatives and friends invited. No flowers.

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15 Lost and Found

Found Sable, Bull Terrier, Daisy, Sec. 4, Medford. Call Miss Jansen 1st floor, Medford. Call Miss Jansen 1st floor, Medford. Call Miss Jansen 1st floor

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

LARGEST EVENING CIRCULATION net paid average, 6 mths ending Sept. 30, 1936 263,130

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1936

Take Out the Profit From Politics

"PROFIT in politics" is, as Bernarr Macfadden recently said in a broadcast release, the "MONUMENTAL EVIL" which confronts this country.

This is hardly an exaggeration, as one of our besetting American sins is looking on politics as a COMMERCIAL CAREER instead of a PUBLIC SERVICE.

"THE ROCKS OF DESTRUCTION OF OUR GOVERNMENT ARE NOT FAR AHEAD IF THIS MONSTROUS EVIL IS ALLOWED TO CONTINUE INDEFINITELY," Mr. Macfadden said.

This menace of making political profit—which means, basically, a MONETARY PROFIT—out of our Civil Service was foreseen with uncanny clairvoyance by Benjamin Franklin, who on June 2, 1787, introduced in the Constitutional Convention an amendment relating to the executive departments of the Government which read:

"WHOSE NECESSARY EXPENSES SHALL BE DEFRAYED, BUT WHO SHALL RECEIVE NO SALARY, STIPEND, FEE OR REWARD WHATSOEVER FOR THEIR SERVICES."

FRANKLIN'S speech urging the adoption of his amendment contained some sentences that once again revealed the intuitive wisdom of the Founding Fathers and their fear that if ever this Republic cracked up it would be caused by INNER WEAKNESSES AND CORRUPTIONS.

Said Franklin:

"PLACE BEFORE THE EYES OF SUCH MEN (that is, those motivated by ambition, avarice and love of power) A POST OF HONOR THAT SHALL AT THE SAME TIME BE A PLACE OF PROFIT, AND THEY WILL MOVE HEAVEN AND EARTH TO OBTAIN IT."

He warned that if political profit is put above patriotic service the men who would rule us "will not be the wise and moderate, the lovers of peace and good order, the men fittest for the trust. It will be THE BOLD AND THE VIOLENT, THE MEN OF STRONG PASSION AND INDEFATIGABLE ACTIVITY IN THEIR SELFISH PURSUITS."

Franklin went so far in his faith in the essentially sound character of the American people that he did not doubt men could be found "with public spirit enough to preside over our civic concerns and see that our laws are duly executed"—provided, however, "WE DO NOT SOW THE SEEDS OF CONTENTION, FACTION AND TUMULT BY MAKING OUR POSTS OF HONOR PLACES OF PROFIT."

It may seem in these days quixotic to ask public officials to serve without pay, but the SPIRIT of Franklin's address to the convention contained an eternal truth, and that truth was embodied by Grover Cleveland one hundred years later in his famous aphorism: "A PUBLIC OFFICE IS A PUBLIC TRUST."

A GOOD beginning in the campaign to take the profit out of politics would be to indoctrinate our youth in schools and colleges with the idea that governmental activities are for PUBLIC USE and not for PRIVATE AGGRANDIZEMENT.

A second step toward this end is to put the whole Civil Service of the country, national, State and city, on a STRICTLY COMPETITIVE BASIS, doing away forever with the corrupting doctrine that "to the victor belongs the spoils."

When the professional politician can no longer promise "jobs" (which so often means "jobbery") to his incompetent followers his occupation will automatically be destroyed.

Cold Winter, Colder Old Age

THESE two pictures carry the same lesson:

In youth and strength, prepare for the future.

The country boy knows that wood for the farmhouse fire will be needed all through the Winter, and that it is for him to provide it.

He can pile up the neatly cut logs close to the door within convenient reach now, while the weather is good, and have them ready for cold months of Winter, or he can wait until Winter comes with snow and ice, to make collecting and piling the wood doubly difficult, doubly uncomfortable.

In the modern city of steam heat, there is little piling up of wood, but there is equally important provision against the season of cold—the season of old age, and poverty, unprotected.

Against this cold season, the wise man, and the boy wisely advised, prepare BY SAVING.

What the woodpile is to the farmhouse in Winter, the savings bank account, money put by, wisely invested, is to the cold season of old age.

Nature sets the example in saving: and in her savings bank, the earth, she has provided for man most generously.

Long before man appeared on earth, Nature stored away for him beneath the ground endless billions of tons of coal, great oil pools, destined to supply him with heat for his home, for his steam engines and for his automobiles and airplanes when they should appear.

To make the present happy, provide against the future, that is wisdom.

In her great savings bank, the earth, Nature stored for man's use and his future needs, millions of years before he was created: all the metals, from heavy iron to light aluminum, including the precious metals, and strange chemicals, everything that man in his industrial and scientific development could need.

It is easy to take the "happy-go-lucky" view of life. Too many young people and people in middle life on the danger line of old age say:

"Why should I deprive myself of pleasures? as I travel through life I want to live by the way. The present takes care of itself, the future will find a way of taking care of itself." Oh miss the greatest "pleasure," the precious feeling of SECURITY.

The city man who has "lived by the way," in his careless journey through life, and "by the way" spent all that he had, discovers that old age is as icy and cold as any countryside with a Winter wind sweeping over it.

He may realize it in advance, but if he neglects to save he will know, when age comes on, how pitiful it is to be **old and poor.** And the great majority of old men die **poor and forlorn,** nothing to show for the long life of work.

A man, as he saves, may have all that he would have had, had he lived the life of an "easy-come, easy-go" spendthrift.

And he has in addition the **feeling of security** now and for the future that outweighs all passing pleasure.

To be successful means to be able to control ourselves, and the first proof of self-control is the **power to save,** the power of self-denial when needed, the power to look ahead.

The wise man does not live from day to day; he looks into the future and prepares for it.

New York Day by Day

By O. O. McIntyre

New York, Dec. 26—The farewell of a letter is always interesting. I glance at it before reading the text. To intimates Bob Davis subscribes himself "Ever Thine"; Roy Howard, "Faithfully Yours"; Irvin Cobb, "Yours Mightily," and the late Ray Long, "Yours to a Whisker."

Today I received a missive as carefully etched as a steel engraving which cooled with the formal Yr. Obdt. Servant, Etc. It was filled with gracious yet dignified phrasing. One knew instinctively it was penned by a gentleman graced with courtesy. A Virginian, sah!

Personal correspondence is left largely today to brisk secretaries who so often develop a sing-song style. They send out the No. 6 reply to the No. 6 type. Two great industrial leaders answer all letters from friends themselves in their own handwriting.

Everybody especially enjoyed letters from the late Lincoln Steffens. He gave the hand-written answers so much time and thought. They were the sort never thrown away. Montague Glass, I am told, put as much humor into his letters as in his fiction. For revival: The Art of Correspondence!

Tea Room High Jinks: She swept into a quiet tea room for dinner along Park avenue. A true patrician pattern of stately carriage, her coiffure feathered in silver sprays and clad in strictly tailored neatness. She inspected the menu through a dainty lorgnette, ordered two deep tumblers of old-fashioned in a row and downed them in gulps. Between courses she read from a Love Confessions type of magazine. The hostess: "She is a weekly visitor, always putting on the same caper. It is her way of going on a tout, I suppose."

I like the depression Tin Can Triumph that came out of Vermont. A citizen reduced to relief prospects but who would not have it that way. Instead he recouped his fortune by collecting tin cans. Those he converted into a tin can palace that became a tourist show place. His only investment was $4.50 for a piece of swamp land. On this he built his castle of shiny minarets and gleaming spires, authentic barbicans, redoubts, sally ports, portcullis and draw-bridge. For his labors he now collects a fee from several hundred visitors a day and is not only making a living but has a sizable bank account.

One of my favorite prowls in Paris is the infamous rue de Lappe, the alley-like aperture with a foot-wide sidewalk running about two blocks in the neighborhood of the Place Bastille. Either side is lined with Bals Musette, low ceiled drinking dends, opalescent with cigarette smoke and fetid with fumes of sour wine.

Here the red sashed, velvet tammed Apache type dance with men and hard faced grisettes in plaid skirts dance together to the whine of accordions. The stranger is fairly safe in the rue de Lappe dives provided he minds his own business. Throat slittings and garrotings, which are many, are confined to denizens.

Upstairs in the two storied brick structures live screaming viragos, who seem to spend the night leaning out windows. It's a hideous layer of life among the human dregs. It occurred today with something of a wince I had visited rue de Lappe many times, the Louvre but once.

In no highly competitive field have women made such headway the past few years as in column syndication. There have been feminine columns on special subjects—fashions, cuisine, housekeeping, love advice—but not only until recently have the ladies expressed themselves after the masculine fashion on any subject. Syndicate chiefs say they have more confidence than male beginners.

Among the practitioners widely syndicated are the two Roosevelts—Eleanor and Alice Longworth; Dorothy Thompson, Elsie Robinson, Zoe Beckley and Helen Worden. Ishbel Ross Norris has been hailed with huge sums for a daily column and Dorothy Parker is nightly besieged by syndicate knock-knocks.

A little Dickensy man runs a notion shop near Fort Washington. A moon-faced gentleman with the genial glow of a Snow Apple. I go into each winter for round and fluted cakes of maple sugar, shipped from his farm of New England. He has a choiceness about his speech—an unmistakable culture—and he seems interested in selling his trifles. Today I learned he is a Harvard alumnus. "I took a job and was fired backwater," he said. One would like to know his story.

Frazier Hunt received a phone call at 2 a. m. at his ranch in the still foothills of the Rockies, near Cody, Wyo., a few months ago. "E. P." was at the other end of the line—E. P. being Edward, Prince of Wales, Britain, etc., telephoning from his next door ranch 12 miles away. "Come on over," spoke royalty. E. P. "we are going to go a little shooting." Spike tried to conceal his surprise by answering there couldn't be much satisfactory hunting at such an hour—probably all the game had gone to bed.

The then Prince explained he did not mean that kind of game. He meant: "What you chaps in the States call shooting craps!"

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Doesn't Take a Giant to Handle a Big Job---This Coxswain Proves That All It Takes Is Brains

Boys who are small, physically, often develop an "inferiority complex" in high school and college, grow up to be "milk-toasts," afraid of their own shadows. These pictures prove how silly that is.

H. P. V. Massey, tiny three-foot coxswain of Oxford University's brawny crew, rules eight giants with a brain and a top sergeant's voice.

The tiny coxswain on the left could go on the stage as a midget; but the giants in the rowing "shell" bend and strain their muscles in instant obedience to his barked commands.

You've seen bouncing little quarterbacks on a football team, snapping out signals for the play—the giants in the line and in the backfield leap to obey his orders.

WHY? Because he has BRAINS.

Once, the quickest way to dig a ditch was to get brawny, iron-muscled men to dig it. Then one hollow-chested engineer designed the steam-shovel, which with one bite digs up more earth than fifty men could dig in a day, using only picks and shovels.

Brains make up for a lack of brawn. That doesn't mean that you must neglect your body, your health. No brain can work well in a sick body.

But if you were born thin and small, don't spend all your "rest-hours" lifting dumbbells and swinging weights to build up a body that will look well in a bathing suit. Get enough exercise to stay healthy, then **forget your muscles, and exercise your BRAIN. Then brawny giants will knock on your door, looking for a job.**

These eight giant crew men, each big enough to break the tiny coxswain in half, obey his barking voice because he knows his business.

Revolution by Taxation

THE damaging effect upon educational institutions of a tax policy that cripples private philanthropy is vigorously discussed in the annual report of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler as president of Columbia University.

Dr. Butler protests the confiscation of property by taxation, a practice for which he has coined the descriptive phrase, "Revolution by taxation."

He makes the mistake, however, of stating a fact without facing other facts essential to it.

Calling prevailing tax trends "the most subtle type of revolution which confronts American democracy today," Dr. Butler says:

"If the Government undertakes to enforce a scheme of taxation which makes benefactions for the public service impossible, then Government is attacking the public interest and the public service at their very foundations."

The President's Good Decision

AS becomes a democratic republic which abides by all decisions made at the ballot-box, President Roosevelt has commendably put his foot down on all unnecessary pomp and ceremony at the inauguration on January 20.

Going still further, the President refuses to give his second inauguration a political air, for he has put his veto on the appearance of "marching clubs" in the inaugural parade.

The parade from the Capitol to the White House will be composed of detachments from the Army and Navy, the Marine Corps, cadets and midshipmen, with the Governors of the States who may wish to attend—all symbolic of the WHOLE U. S. A.

This will give the parade, following the solemn oath of office, a simple but forceful character befitting the times we live in.

Human Side of the News -:- *By Edwin C. Hill*

Lloyds of London will insure on anything. Along Broadway they send bets on anything. The sporty gentlemen on New York's main stem will tell you, too, that the show business is about the greatest gamble of all. The chances against the success of a production are about ten to one, based on the law of averages.

And it always seems to happen the plays which break the records are the ones which are counted out on the first night.

In the spring of 1922 a young woman, who had taken to playwriting because she objected to paying $25 weekly in royalties for the skit she was doing with her husband in vaudeville, brought in a show she had produced in California. They told her politely in New York that the month of May was a bad time to open.

When she insisted, she was left to go it alone, which she did. A consensus of critical opinion on the morning after read like this: "Abie's Irish Rose' is the worst play ever written."

Maybe it was, but for five years it packed them in, running through 2532 performances. That mark has never been approached. The author-producer, Anne Nichols, made $5,000,000, according to report. The previous record run was that of "Lightnin'," starring Frank Bacon, which went for 1291 performances. Bacon had been trouping for years in a vaudeville skit before he got together with Winchell Smith and the skit was expanded into the full-length play.

FAMOUS EXAMPLES

A case like that of "Lightnin'" was "The Old Homestead," which Denman Thompson stretched out from a 15-minute piece into one of full length. Last week in New York another actor supplanted "Lightnin'" as the runner-up to "Abie's Irish Rose." It is "Tobacco Road," and it has celebrated its third birthday on Broadway.

Another waif of the Great White Way, nobody would take a part of it except Sam H. Grisman. Tossed about from one theater to another, the owner was compelled to close at the end of five weeks because it wasn't drawing enough for rentals. Max Nichols' play was an original, a bit of low comedy about the love affair of the daughter of an Irish couple and the son of a Jewish couple on New York's East Side.

She wrote it in three days, rewrote it in five and peddled it for four years before its initial production in California. When asked to give her opinion of its great success, she said:

"The public likes it because it glorifies love, is clean, kindly and has humor and simplicity."

That reason doesn't hold good for the three acts which Jack Kirkland adapted from Erskine Caldwell's novel of the good-for-nothing Jester Lester. The critic, Brooks Atkinson, summed up superbly "Tobacco Road" in his review of Dec. 5, 1933. He wrote:

"It is one of the grossest episodes ever put on the stage, and the theater has never sheltered a fouler parcel of folks than the unbelievable family of Lester that lives along Tobacco Road."

Yet, on that first night, this same reviewer saw "many scatological items that leave a vivid impression." Few others saw anything in it but a "flop." The producer Grisman was at his wits' end and his money's end trying to keep it alive.

THE LAST LAUGH

Now that it is recognized as one of New York's outstanding shows, he sits back and marvels over the almost insurmountable difficulty he had in getting anyone interested in the property.

"Not only before we opened," he says, "but even after we were on our way it seemed like everybody we approached shied away from the chance of a life time as though we were offering them a hot potato. Honestly, it was funny."

It does happen sometimes that he who is laughed at is the one who has the last laugh.

That's That -:- *By Bruce Gustin*

Governor Landon visited at the White House Monday and, as he put it, "swapped fishing ties" with President Roosevelt. Monday night, the President, Governor Landon, Norman Thomas and Earl C. Browder sat at the same table at the Gridiron Club banquet. It was the first time the four presidential candidates had dined together. There are not many countries in which such a thing could happen.

In some nations, the election climaxing as bitter a campaign as we had this year wouldn't have settled anything. It would have started a civil war. The American people have set extremely solved the problems of self-government, but they have learned it is better to decide political controversies with ballots instead of bullets. In President Roosevelt we have a gracious winner and in Governor Landon a graceful loser. Victory did not turn the head of the winner and defeat did not sour the loser.

Two brothers, convicted in California of killing three men who tried to arrest them on an assault charge, plan to appeal to the Supreme Court. Most murder convictions are appealed to a higher court. Every murderer is given several chances to escape punishment. If he is convicted by a jury, he can carry the case to a higher court. If he loses there, he still can appeal to the Executive for a reprieve, commutation, parole or pardon. Society has but one chance. Unless the State can get a verdict of guilty from the jury, it is finished as far as a murder case is concerned. It cannot get a new trial.

Once a man has been acquitted on a murder charge, he never can be tried again on that charge. It makes no difference how he obtained acquittal. The Constitution provides that no person shall twice be put in jeopardy of life or limb for the same offense. The human race was subject to the tyranny, persecution and abuse of government for so long that when our American system of government was instituted the framers of the Constitution went to the other extreme to safeguard every citizen against misuse of the power of the courts.

This practice of leaning backwards in our anxiety to insure that no innocent person ever will be convicted is expensive. Director J. Edgar Hoover of the G-men estimates that in the United States there is one serious crime every 20 seconds, a murder every 45 minutes and our annual crime bill is 15 BILLION DOLLARS. More certainty of punishment would cut this down materially.

Today's Text: "He guided my way in perfectness."—II Samuel 11:3. *Suggested by the Rev. A. N. Meckel, Congregational Church, Newton.*